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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE FACE IN THE GLASS.]

REGINALD'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Oft mortals, short of sight, who think the past
Overblown misfortune still shall prove the last:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain.

Young.

AFTER the departure of Mr. Westcourt Mary Hayward and her lover experienced a sense of relief, which was succeeded by one of keen disappointment, and Fennes said:

"You saw, Mary, that I could do nothing with him. He is too cautious ever to be betrayed into a confession of his guilt. We may as well give up all hope of ever gaining such evidence as a confession would be."

"I shall continue to hope," responded the maiden, "for nothing is really impossible. I may fall in the attempt, but I shall make an effort to gain a witnessed confession from him: I am sure," she added, "that his allusion to another paper among those referring to Reginald's fortune was a fabrication, as you said."

"Certainly it was. I think, Mary, that you had better take the papers to-morrow to Mr. Aylmar and Mr. Reginald. They are both of them stopping at Westcourt Lodge. You remember that during my holiday I visited the vicinity of Aylmar Manor, and I not only learned that Reginald had gone to the lodge, but that Mr. Aylmar was intending to follow him. I would go myself, but I do not like to ask for another leave of absence so soon."

"I am very willing to go," said Mary. "I should be very particular to see Mr. Reginald himself, so that by no chance the papers might find their way into Mr. Westcourt's hands. Shall we not get out the documents this evening and look them over? We could see, you know, if that paper Mr. Westcourt mentioned was among them, and thus verify our suspicions of his falsehood."

Fennes assented, and Mary lighted an extra candle and withdrew to her own room.

After a few minutes' delay she returned with a small square box in her hands, and deposited it upon the table, with the smiling remark:

"What a responsibility the care of these papers has been. I have made a point of looking into this box once a month to assure myself of their safety, feeling that the whole future of Mr. Reginald depended upon my care of them. The last time I opened the box was the other day, when you wrote that letter to Mr. Reginald, and I remember that that night I had a bad dream about these papers, that they were in danger of being stolen. I shall feel quite relieved when they are gone."

While she had been speaking the maiden had withdrawn from her bosom a key, which she now inserted into the lock of the box, which she then opened.

There were within two or three packages of letters, but the papers so important to Reginald were not there.

Mary turned over the letters with an incredulous look, and then sank into a chair, uttering a cry of mingled astonishment and despair.

"What is the matter, Mary?" exclaimed her lover, arising, and examining the contents of the box.

"The papers—"

"Are gone! I cannot understand it! Oh, Fennes, where can they be?"

The clerk was too much astonished at their disappearance to reply for several moments; during this time he examined their late receptacle as if he expected to find some clue to their whereabouts.

"Gone!" he at length said. "Why, they were here only two or three days since! They must have been stolen!"

"Impossible!" returned Mary. "I have always carried this key attached to my neck by a chain. It has never been off my person day or night more than a few minutes at a time. I know that for a week I have not removed it at all!"

"Then the lock may have been tampered with. Someone must have opened it with a false key, or picked the lock. I will see!"

The clerk proceeded to examine the lock, but there

was not a scratch upon its surface, not a mark about it, that could be attributed to the entrance of a false key or piece of wire.

"This is a very unpleasant mystery," he said.

"It seems still more mysterious when you remember that I keep the box in a little closet, which I always have locked, carrying the key in my pocket!"

"It is plain to me, Mary, that someone has entered the house to-day in our absence and stolen these papers! If it were Mr. Westcourt who did it, why should he have come here this evening, unless to divert suspicion?"

"I am sure it was not he who took them," said Mary. "His earnestness, and anger at your refusal of his demands, were not feigned!"

"Let us go up and look at the lock of the closet, Mary. There may be some mark of violence about that!"

Taking the candle, the clerk led the way up to the little sitting-room, where, years before, he had awaited the results of Mary's pleadings with her guardian in his behalf, and the maiden followed him, indicating the closet in which the box had always been secured.

It was but a small cupboard in the wall, with a stout door and good lock, which showed no signs of having been tampered with.

"This is certainly the strangest thing I ever knew," declared the clerk, after a rigid examination.

"The papers are lost, Mary, and there is not the slightest clue to what has become of them. Of course, they must have been stolen, but if not by Mr. Westcourt, who could have taken them? We must see if anyone have called at the cottage to-day."

Returning to the parlour, Mary summoned Milly, the maid-of-all-work; but, in answer to their questions the girl declared that no one had called there.

"In what part of the house have you spent the day, Milly?" asked the clerk.

"In the kitchen, sir."

"Have you been at home all day?"

"Not all day, sir. Miss Mary said I might visit my sister, and so I spent a few hours with her."

"The house was left unguarded for several hours, then, it seems," remarked Fennes, when Mary had



dismissed the servant. "In that time a man might enter, take the impression of any lock, and go out with it to a locksmith's, where he could easily find a key to match, and then return. The locks are ordinary ones, you know. I am sure this is the solution to the mystery."

"But why should the thief have taken nothing else? How should he so readily find those papers? And, having found them, how could he know them to be of more importance than anything else in the house?"

"I cannot answer your questions, Mary. The thief might have learned from Mr. Westcourt of the missing papers, and made a search for them in our absence, proposing to sell them to the merchant or his nephew for a handsome sum."

This explanation seemed reasonable, and the lovers accepted it as the truth with heavy hearts.

"And, after all, Mr. Reginald may lose his fortune," said Mary, unable to repress her tears. "It is very hard for us to bear the disappointment, and what must it be for him? He is now completely at the mercy of his uncle, is he not?"

"Yes, unless he inherits something from Mr. Aylmar. I wish I had not written that letter to Mr. Reginald. I am sure it is to that we owe this great loss. And I have raised his hopes only cruelly to dash them to the ground."

Mary expressed her grief at the turn affairs had taken, but her lover assured her that the loss of the papers was in no way to be attributed to carelessness on her part, and succeeded in restoring her tranquillity.

For some time they conversed upon the subject, becoming more and more confirmed in the hypothesis Fennes had advanced, and the clerk said:

"We will wait a day or two to see if anything transpire to throw light on this mystery, Mary, and then I will either see or write to Mr. Reginald bidding him do the best he can for himself, as the papers of which I wrote to him should have most unaccountably vanished."

Mary assented, and her lover then proposed taking his departure, saying that he would send her a note on the morrow, stating Mr. Fensick's opinion upon the disappearance of the papers.

"I will go with you to the gate, Fennes," said the maiden. "I think the evening air will do me good—my cheeks feel so flushed."

Throwing around her a knitted shawl, she followed her lover out of doors and down to the little gate, feeling loth to part with him, although she scarcely knew why.

"What a dark and gloomy night it is," she said as they paused at the gate. "I wish uncle were at home. Not that I am afraid to stay with Milly, but this loss makes me strangely gloomy and fearful. Ah! What was that? I am sure I heard a rustling among the bushes."

The noise she had noticed had been made by Mr. Westcourt, who had remained concealed in the midst of the clump of bushes, and, at the moment the maiden spoke, had made his egress from them, and was gliding silently towards the cottage-door, which he knew was open.

On hearing her remark he instinctively stopped, trusting to a lilac-bush and the darkness to screen him from her gaze.

"Why, Mary, you must be very nervous to-night," responded Fennes, affectionately. "This loss has quite unnerved you. Perhaps I ought not to leave you."

"Oh, yes. What would uncle say at your remaining? I'm a little nervous, as you say. But I must not detain you longer or you will miss the train. Good-night."

She put up her face to be kissed, and her lover bestowed caresses upon it, bidding her not grieve over the disappearance of the papers, but to remember that she had not failed in her care of them.

And then, with a lover-like parting, Fennes set out for the station and the maiden returned to the cottage.

As she passed up the narrow walk she thought she saw a form gliding into the dark corridor, and, with a feeling of alarm, she hastened within doors, and, calling Milly to her assistance, looked into the corridor and adjoining rooms, seeing nothing to justify her fears.

Dismissal of her idea as a mere idle fancy, consequent upon her excitement and grief, Mary told her servant she was at liberty to withdraw.

"If you think, miss, that anyone's broken into the house, hadn't we better look upstairs?" asked the maid.

"Oh, no, Milly. I was mistaken, of course. No one would have dared enter the house while Mr. Fennes and I were at the gate. You had better go to bed."

The servant retired, wondering a little at her mistress's fancy, as Mary was not given to nervous-

ness, and the maiden then withdrew to her little sitting-room upstairs.

"How foolish I am," she thought as she entered the room and put her light upon the table. "I thought then that I heard footsteps and the sound of a door hastily shut. What a ridiculous idea! A thief would hardly visit Fensick Cottage for plunder when there are so many great houses full of costly things."

Seating herself, she gave her mind up to musings in regard to the loss of the papers and the future of Reginald, blaming herself unjustly for want of sufficient care of them.

"Where can those documents have gone?" she vainly asked. "Ah! I thought I heard something." She looked about her uneasily.

The candle did not well illumine the room, leaving the corners in deep shadow, and she arose and lighted some others upon the mantle-piece. She then, to divert her mind, proceeded to brush her long fair hair before the tall mirror, humming a low tune to keep up her courage, on the same principle that school-boys whistle while passing through a grave-yard.

Opposite the mirror was a closet used for clothing, &c., at the top of which were three small panes of glass that swung in a frame like a ventilator. The door had been used by its former owner to open into a corridor, but had afterwards been fitted to this closet-closet by Mr. Fensick, who had bought it at second-hand.

As Mary stood brushing her hair, the panes of glass in the closet-door were distinctly reflected in the mirror, and she beheld a sight that stopped the song upon her lips, banished all colour from her cheeks, and thrilled her with sudden terror.

A dark face was looking at her through the panes, and a pair of fierce eyes watching her movements!

Delicate as was the maiden's health, and timid as she had ever appeared, she was not lacking in presence of mind and true courage.

Conquering the horror that impelled her to run from the room, repressing the shriek that arose to her lips, she forced herself to resume the tune she had been humming, and with a trembling hand continued to apply the brush to her hair.

And yet she could not divert her gaze from the reflected countenance in the mirror.

She knew that the person in the closet could not see her own reflection in the glass, and that knowledge gave her strength to think what she had better do.

She knew that there were no neighbours in the immediate vicinity of the cottage, and that she could depend upon no one but herself for defence if the concealed intruder meant personal harm.

She recalled all the stories she had ever read of people being murdered by robbers, of lonely women killed for the sake of a watch or jewel, and she shuddered as she glanced at the tiny time-keeper and slender chain at her waist.

She kept up the tune she was humming, and continued brushing her hair.

And still she regarded the reflection in the mirror. Suddenly it seemed to take a familiar look. These fierce, menacing eyes seemed to dart forth glances that reminded her of others, and the face, with its long whiskers of mixed white and black, she began to recognize.

It was that of Mr. Westcourt!

As this fact burst upon her mind she realized that he must have lingered about the house until after her lover's departure, that he had glided into the house at the moment she had turned to re-enter, and that he had made his way upstairs for greater security from observation. And hearing her ascend, he had hurriedly entered the closet.

She reasoned that he was intending to steal back the papers referring to Reginald's fortune, and knowing what she did of his wicked intentions towards his nephew, and of his treatment of Fennes, Mary believed that even her life, if it seemed to him necessary, would be sacrificed!

"One false movement on my part now," she thought, "and I shall be killed by him! I feel that he is capable of ending my life! His looks are full of terrible menace. He may come out at any moment and threaten to kill me if I do not give him up those lost papers. He will not believe that they are lost. He moves! I believe he is coming out now!"

Her voice faltered involuntarily for an instant, but Mr. Westcourt not venturing from his concealment, she resumed her song with greater strength of voice than before, and yet there was an almost imperceptible tone of desperation in it.

She could see in the mirror that the key was in the lock of the closet-door, the intruder not having had time to withdraw it, and her fertile brain conceived a scheme not only for saving herself, but benefiting her lover.

Throwing aside her brush, she gathered her hair into a silken net, and exclaimed aloud, in a careless, trembling tone:

"I don't feel at all sleepy! I think before I go to bed I had better bring up my basket of papers and look them over! It would, perhaps, be as well to know whether or not Mr. Westcourt spoke the truth about there being an odd paper in the packet, before Fennes goes to-morrow to see Mr. Reginald and Mr. Aylmar."

She noticed that the reflected eyes flashed at this speech, and her blue orbs returned a look of defiance, which was unseen, of course, by its object.

Crossing the floor, as if going to the door, she passed beyond the intruder's range of vision, then suddenly diverted her route, gliding noiselessly to the closet-door.

With a swift and gentle movement, she turned the key in the lock, and then withdrew it, feeling herself secure.

CHAPTER XXVIII

She loves, but knows not whom she loves,
Nor what his name, nor whence he came.

MOORE.

APRIL the departure of her husband upon his secret expedition to Fensick Cottage Mrs. Westcourt returned to her guests, determined so to manage affairs that on the merchant's return he should find his daughter betrothed to her cousin.

Intent upon throwing the young people into each other's society she seated herself near Mr. Aylmar, inquiring how he liked the lodge.

"It is very new," was the response, "and, if you will pardon me, I think requires time—"

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Westcourt, as her visitor paused. "I like old places very much—they are so aristocratic! But then the new ones have all the improvements, and that fact goes a great way towards counterbalancing age. Speaking of old buildings reminds me that we may yet be neighbours of yours, Mr. Aylmar. Do you know Harston Abbey in your county?"

"I know a ruin of that name," answered Mr. Aylmar; "it is situated about three miles from Aylmar Manor, and I have often visited it."

"A ruin! Is there not a habitable part?" exclaimed the merchant's wife, in surprise.

"About half the building has been recently inhabited," was the reply. "A little care and money expended upon it would render it a very pleasant residence. The other half consists of very picturesque ruins beyond all power of restoration!"

"Your description, Mr. Aylmar, quite makes me long to live at the abbey. To tell you a little secret, Mr. Westcourt has leased it for some years, and, after repairing it, we shall live there a part of the year. One residence is not enough for people in our position, and I shall be so delighted to live near our dear Reginald's kind friend!"

Mr. Aylmar bowed politely, and the lady continued:

"By autumn we purpose being installed at the abbey, where we shall remain for the winter. When we attend your *fiat* at the manor we will make a charming excursion to our future residence. From people of our wealth—I mean expectations," she added, correcting herself as she encountered Reginald's inquiring glance, and remembered the statements that had been made to him, "there is much expected!"

After a farther discussion of the abbey and the associations connected with it, and Reginald had been obliged to describe it for the benefit of his fair cousin, the conversation drifted into other channels, and Mrs. Westcourt proposed a walk through the park, which proposition was gladly accepted by the gentlemen, but with exceeding languor by Miss Orana, who retired to her room to change her attire.

Her mother soon followed her, and said, as she entered her daughter's room:

"My dear, if you could only be a little more animated you would quite captivate your cousin. I have discovered that he does not admire indolence."

"But, mamma, I cannot change my nature even to gain Reginald! I cannot move more quickly when I like better not to move at all. I like to sit still, and not be obliged to be entertaining. I shall be glad when I am actually married to my cousin, for then I shall no longer be obliged to study how to please him!"

"True, my dear, but until you marry him you must exert yourself to win his affection. Think how charming it will be to be so intimate at Aylmar Manor as Reginald's wife cannot fail to be! You are pleased with your cousin, are you not?"

"I like him very well, but I don't love him!"

"Love will come in time, Orana. Of course, you ought not to really love him until you become engaged to him. Try and make him propose before your papa comes home!"

"I will. I am sure he is quite in love with me, and only needs a little encouragement to bring him

to my feet! I am sorry he's my cousin, though. I wish—"

Miss Oriana concluded the sentence with a sigh that expressed deep regret, but Mrs. Westcourt was too absorbed in her own schemes to notice it, or, if she did, to attach importance to it.

"I am particularly anxious that Reginald should propose to you to-day," said the mother, thoughtfully. "He is too honourable ever to retract his words, when once given, and I should like him to feel bound to you before your father's return. You know, Oriana, of your papa's lost papers? They have been found."

"How?"

"Fences stole them, and has now written to Reginald that he'll sell them to him for a handsome sum! Your father has gone to try and buy them. If he should succeed you will not be obliged to marry your cousin. Should he fail, your cousin ought to be so bound to you that you will share his fortune by becoming his wife!"

Oriana assented, and her mother withdrew, pleased at the result of her wordy-wise counsels.

The little party was soon equipped, and on its way through the small park, Mrs. Westcourt proceeding in advance with Mr. Aylmar, pointing out to him pleasant views and glimpses of scenery, and her daughter following with Reginald.

Oriana exerted herself to please her cousin, who seemed in a thoughtful mood. Keeping in mind her mother's instructions, she affected a lively demeanour that was foreign to her character, moved with a sprightliness that showed itself assumed, and bore the burden of the conversation with forced gaiety.

And yet Reginald did not seem entranced by the change, as she had expected.

"I wonder what wise thoughts are lurking behind that sober face, Reginald!" she said, at last, piqued at the brevity of his replies.

"Excuse my inattention," returned Reginald, with an ingenuous blush. "I was thinking of an absent friend—of Willa!"

The gaiety faded from Oriana's fair face, and she remarked:

"How fond you were of her once. Do you never smile now, Reginald, at that chivalrous love of your boyhood?"

"No, my dear cousin, never! That boyish love has deepened and intensified with my years, and now in my manhood there is nothing I so much desire as to win Willa Heath to be my wife!"

Reginald spoke in a tone of deep feeling, and his cousin found it impossible to doubt that his love for Willa was the growth of years and could never be uprooted or displaced by another affection.

"I owe you this explanation, Oriana," continued the young man, not noticing that she had averted her face, "because you are my relative, and should be interested in my happiness. Willa has not accepted me—I have not offered myself to her yet—but I have spoken to her aunt on the subject. I believe that Willa regards me as her future husband—the tender, true-hearted little maiden!"

His tone of infinite and yearning tenderness towards Willa grated harshly on the ears of Oriana—not that she loved him, but because it showed the failure of her schemes.

"It would be rather premature to congratulate you now, Reginald!" she said, coldly. "I hope you will not find Willa engaged to someone else when you offer her your hand. You must not expect her to be so constant as yourself. I remember her as one of the most fickle-hearted of children, and I don't believe she has changed since." "The child is father of the man," you know, and I have a theory that the child's character is the same, only enlarged, in manhood or womanhood! I found the idea in a book somewhere, and am sure it is true!"

Reginald smiled involuntarily.

He knew Oriana's statement of Willa's fickleness to be totally unfounded, to be invented, in fact, on the spur of the moment, but he did not comprehend the reason, thinking that his cousin's jealousy still harboured in her breast.

He thought, too, that Oriana's "theory" might very well apply to herself, for her speech had betrayed that the fanks of her childhood had been by no means overcome in riper years.

"Willa has changed as little as yourself, Oriana," he answered, gravely. "You will see her at the fête at the manor, and may then alter your opinion of her."

"Oh, no, I am sure I would not," was the quick response. "Did you tell papa that you intended marrying her?"

"I could not say that until Willa accepts me," returned Reginald. "I have told you only that I love her, and propose making her an offer of marriage."

Oriana bit her lip in annoyance and wounded vanity, but made no reply.

She did not care to keep up longer her assumed

vivacity, since it must be without an object, and she lapsed into a moody silence broken only by an occasional murmur of assent to some remark made by her cousin.

The walk, therefore, for which she had prepared with such hopes and anticipations soon became dull to her, and she proposed a return to the lodge, which proposal Reginald gladly accepted, Mr. Aylmar and Mrs. Westcourt having already gone in that direction.

The young man felt that he had in some way offended his fair cousin, and exerted himself to atone for the unconscious wrong, failing, however, to restore a smile to her face.

When the young people came in view of the flower garden they were summoned by Mrs. Westcourt to look at a specimen of a rare plant in which she took great interest, and which her guests had not yet noticed.

"I have seen it often, Reginald," said Oriana, "and beg you to go on alone to look at it. I will remain here just in the edge of the park until your return."

Reginald declined to leave her, but she insisted upon it, and he departed, while she retreated farther into the park and seated herself on a rustic bench.

"So Reginald wants to marry Willa Heath," she mused, with a little bitterness. "She must be very beautiful, since he prefers her to me. I should like to see her. Oh, if papa can only buy those stolen papers back again, I will never make another effort to win my cousin. We should have his money all safe, and he could never get it. He will have enough from Mr. Aylmar if he never get a penny of his father's legacy. If it can be arranged so that papa can keep the fortune I shall be very glad, for there is nothing romantic in marrying one's cousin, even if he were willing, and just to keep a fortune in the family. I cannot see why I should not gain a title when I marry."

She sighed, as if the object of her aspirations were nearly unattainable, and continued:

"I don't like to do the wooing in this way, as papa desires. I like to be courted, without any trouble or exertion on my part to keep my lover. I never saw but one man I could love, and he is as far beyond my reach as the stars."

She broke off her musings abruptly, uttering a faint scream as a stranger appeared in the footpath only a short distance from her, and approached her, with repeated bows and flourishes of his hat.

Her scream was succeeded by a deep blush and a look of recognition, and she arose, extending her hand with the remark:

"Oh, Prince, I was just thinking of you! What can have brought you to Westcourt Lodge?"

The stranger started tragically at this greeting, exclaiming:

"It is—it is Miss Westcourt! And this is Westcourt Lodge! What a singular coincidence! How little I thought when strolling through this lovely park that it belonged to the angel of my dreams! How little I thought I was so soon to meet the fair being who had disturbed my life!"

He took the hand of Oriana, pressing it to his lips, and was then prevailed upon to accept a seat at her side.

The intruder who had been honoured by Miss Westcourt with the title of "Prince" looked eminently foreign in his features, and the enormous quantity of black hair that disfigured his face.

He was tall and slender, with a form so shapely that it suggested the use of stays, and he was attired in the latest Parisian mode. Diamonds glittered on his fingers and his bosom, and he made a profuse display of chains and seals.

Showy as was his appearance there was nothing in the man himself to awaken confidence in a student of human nature.

His small dark eyes had an insincere look; his lips—the little that could be seen of them—were decidedly unpleasant; and the lines about his face showed a disposition that would have made his acquaintance dreaded by an observant of either sex.

His extravagant language in declaring his surprise at meeting Oriana Westcourt was insincere and untruthful.

He had expected to meet her somewhere about the grounds, as had been evident by the gratified sparkle in his eyes when he beheld her alone, and this had not been his first glimpse of her within that hour, he having seen her with Reginald some minutes before, remaining himself unseen in the shadow of the trees.

His acquaintance with Miss Westcourt had begun during the few last weeks of her stay at school, and the young lady regarded their first meeting as quite a romantic affair.

She had been walking, in company with a governess, through the streets of the country town where her school was situated, when the fringe of her shawl had caught upon a coat-button of a gentleman who was passing, and in the moment requiring to disen-

tangle it she had learned from his hurried yet fluent speech that he had been in the habit of watching her at church, contemplating her beauty, as he called it, and that he had begun to indulge in a passion for her.

Young, vain, with no great stock of common-sense, it was little wonder that Oriana's head had been nearly turned by his flattery, and that when she continued her walk with her governess that her brain was filled with romantic ideas of a future marriage with her admirer.

The person she had then encountered was the one now at her side in Westcourt Park.

She had met him casually afterwards, given him her address, exchanged letters with him, and heard that he was an exiled Polish prince, who had fought valiantly against the conquerors of his country, slaying an incredible number with his own hands, and creating havoc and confusion among the enemy whenever he appeared in battle.

He had also informed her that his noble mother, the Princess Viletsky, was still alive and in good repute among the Russians, who permitted her to retain her own and her son's magnificent estates with their immense revenues, upon which she kept up a kind of select court.

It had never occurred to Oriana to doubt this statement. She would have staked her life upon its truth, her faith in it probably arising from a desire to believe it, but an observant traveller would have thought him French rather than Polish, and more of an adventurer than a prince!

"You have not forgotten me then, Prince?" said Oriana, permitting her hand to rest in his.

"Forgotten you! Ah, never! I have dreamed of you by day and by night, Miss Westcourt. I have been travelling a little for my health, because I have mourned for you, and came to this park to-day to forget my griefs in the solitude of nature, little thinking I was to meet you! This is happiness!"

He pressed her hand, and drew a long breath expressive of intense satisfaction.

"You flatter me, Prince," murmured Oriana, flushing with delight. "Let me introduce you to my mother and cousin."

"Cousin?" interrupted the foreigner, with a disturbed voice. "I saw a lady—why did not my heart then tell me it was you?—a little while since, walking with a gentleman through this grove. Was he your cousin or your lover? I am jealous."

"Oh, he is only my cousin, Prince. I do not intend to marry him."

Miss Oriana's tone expressed that she could marry her cousin if she chose, and the stranger so interpreted it, for he said, uneasily:

"You are sure that you will not marry him. I fear I am ruined, undone."

"Oh, no, Prince. I shall not marry him, although papa wants me to."

"And why?"

"For family reasons—to keep a fortune in the family."

"But you are rich, Miss Westcourt," said the "prince," with unmistakable anxiety. "I have heard that you have one grand fortune all in your own right, rich as one—not even your papa—can take from you. Is it a mistake?"

"Oh, no," answered Oriana, anxious to aggrandize herself in the eyes of a real prince. "I have a fortune of seventy thousand pounds quite in my own right."

It was curious to observe by what process the young lady thus coolly appropriated to herself Reginald's fortune.

"Is it possible?" ejaculated the foreigner, hiding the sparkle of his eyes behind one of his jewelled hands. "You are very wealthy—that is, for England," he added, qualifying his remark, lest her statement might seem to have produced too great an effect upon him. "It is the custom in this country, I hear, to settle the fortune upon the wife. You will, of course, have yours settled upon yourself?"

"That would depend upon circumstances," replied Oriana, conscious of how she had overstepped the truth in mentioning her future dowry. "If I should marry one of my own countrymen—my cousin, for instance—I should have my fortune settled on myself. But if I were to marry a foreigner, it would be very different."

"Yes, very different," assented the "prince." "I have heard of clandestine marriages, where the young people go to Scotland and get married. In such cases there is no settlement?"

"No, I believe not. There need not be unless one desires it, but I think papa would insist upon it in my case."

"I daresay," was the reply. "Your papa is very wise, and would, of course, take good care of his charming daughter, if she was married at home. Since I last saw you, Miss Westcourt, I have had a letter from my mother, the princess—"

"I am glad to hear it, Prince," said Oriana. "She wants me to return and marry a noble lady who is very rich—a Russian princess. By marrying her, my mother thinks to have me return to Poland to live. But I shall never love that lady. I have seen an English lady whom I adore, and whom I desire to make my princess. Ah, if she would but be my bride."

He bestowed a glance of admiration upon Miss Westcourt, who blushed consciously, and he then continued:

"If that young English lady would but consent to be my bride I would take her to my palace in Poland, where she should reign a queen with a thousand serfs to kneel at her feet. She should be my princess and wear the Viletsky diamonds, which rival any queen's. She should have noble ladies to wait upon her, and she should never have to wish for anything, for all should be hers!"

"How delightful!" murmured Oriana.

"That young English lady is yourself, Miss Westcourt! It is you I love! Perish all thoughts of my superior rank, of my almost royal blood! Will you be my bride, my princess?"

Oriana felt almost giddy with delight.

Her wildest dreams seemed on the point of being realized, and she murmured an assent that was barely audible to the keen hearing of her suitor.

"Then I am indeed happy!" declared the "prince," lifting his gaze to the tops of the trees. "I am blessed among men. I shall tread on air! I salute you, my future princess!"

He raised her hand a second time to his lips, and Oriana murmured:

"You must see my parents, Prince! Come with me and I will introduce you to mamma!"

The young lady was influenced by a desire to exhibit her princely adorer to her mother, Mr. Aylmar and Reginald, rather than to bring about a friendship between them, but her suitor crushed her hopes by replying:

"Alas! I cannot have that pleasure. I cannot make the acquaintance of your papa and mamma. They will wish to make inquiries about me, as is right they should, and those inquiries will set the Russian spies upon my track! It will not be safe for me. If you love me and have confidence, you will keep my secret. You would not wish my enemies to carry me back to Russia and make me marry that odious princess."

"Never—never!"

"Then keep my secret, dearest. If you will take an elopement with me to Scotland, we'll come back married, and then there'll be no more danger from the spies. I will write to the Princess Viletsky, my noble mother, for her consent, which I know she will give. We need not wait for it, but be married as soon as you will. Say, dearest, shall we not make one romantic elopement to our marriage?"

Oriana hesitated a moment before answering.

She had been considering the grandeur of a marriage in church, with a bridal breakfast thereafter, when she would be envied, courted, admired, and it was not easy to give up that brief dream.

"I will do as you like, Prince," she answered, after a pause.

"How good! How noble! You will return a princess, your papa and mamma will forgive us when they know your grandeur; the world shall admire you, and we will give one grand ball that your old friends may come and pay their court to the Princess Viletsky!"

This was a very attractive programme to Oriana, and she murmured her pleasure in enthusiastic terms, declaring that she would do as he desired.

Her suitor then went on to detail his great wealth, his palaces and estates, fascinating her by descriptions of gaieties of which she would the queen, and strengthening the impression he had made upon her heart.

"When shall we make our elopement, dearest?" he asked, at length.

"Any time you like, Prince."

"Call me Rudolf, dearest. I love better that name from your lips. Shall we fly this evening?"

Oriana assented, although she would have preferred to defer her elopement until after the return of her father, in order to learn of his success with Fennec in regard to purchasing the lost papers.

"This evening, then, at twilight," exclaimed the suitor, "I will expect you on this very spot. I will have a carriage in waiting down the road. We will go to Scotland and be married, and you shall be one princess. You will keep very secret our plan?"

Oriana readily promised what he demanded, and he said, hastily:

"Someone is coming. I must go. I would not be seen, lest the spies should get upon my track. Farewell till evening, dearest."

He embraced her, and hastened into the park.

"I am going to be a princess," murmured Miss

Westcourt, delightedly. "A real princess! Won't papa and ma be almost wild with joy? What unexpected grandeur. He is so very rich that I daresay he would not mind if I had nothing. I do hope papa will get those papers, but I fear he won't. If he don't, and he is obliged to give up Reginald's fortune, he can replace the sum out of the prince's property. He wouldn't feel the loss of seventy thousand pounds; I am glad I told him I had so large a fortune in my own right. I am glad we are going to elope."

With this reflection she arose to make her way to the lodge, and at the same moment Reginald made his appearance.

"Excuse me, my dear cousin," he said, in his hearty, frank tones, that Miss Westcourt contrasted unfavourably with the smooth, silken voice of the prince. "I owe you a thousand apologies for leaving you alone so long, but, after looking at the flowers, I was about to return to you when I concluded, from not seeing you, that you had retired to the house. I have just discovered that you were not there."

Oriana took his proffered arm, and they proceeded together to the lodge.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

THE *Schlesische Zeitung* records a very sad and very curious accident, occasioned by the explosion of frozen nitro-glycerine. This substance freezes at about 40 deg. Fahr., and when in the solid state explodes merely by being rubbed, on which account it is impossible to reduce it to smaller pieces by crushing or striking it. An unfortunate man, one "Schachtmeister" Krause, who tried this experiment on a frozen mass, weighing some six or eight pounds, was hurled by the explosion to a great height into the air, and then thrown into a shaft from fifty to sixty feet in depth.

NEW METHOD OF REMOVING HYPOSULPHITES FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS.—Messrs. Tiebhorne and Robinson, of Dublin, have ascertained that chloric and perchloric acids completely oxidize weak solutions of hyposulphite of soda. The following are the author's directions for carrying it out in practice:—Prepare a solution of twenty-four grains of chlorate of baryta in each ounce of water, and add to this quantity twenty minims of perchloric acid (of about 12 per cent.). This is the eliminating liquid. Take a porcelain or other dish, and place in it a pint of hot water, then add two ounces of the above solution. The bath is now ready. Having washed the prints sufficiently in the ordinary way, plunge them into the warm eliminating bath, and let them remain there for an hour or so. They afterwards need only be washed with plain water in order to cleanse the print, then to be dried and mounted.

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE.

A NEW source of industry and wealth is rapidly developing itself in the North Staffordshire coal field, the production of paraffin from canal coal and coal shale, and there can be little doubt that in a comparatively short time hundreds of persons will be engaged in an employment which had not been dreamt of three years ago. It is about that time since the discovery was made that paraffin oil could be procured from the shale of the coal mines of the district, of which hundreds of thousands of tons are lying up and down in what have hitherto been considered refuse heaps, for the removal of which a premium has sometimes been offered.

The discovery was first of all communicated to a firm of coal proprietors at Burslem, who, having erected retorts in as quiet and unobtrusive a manner as possible, obtained their raw material for some time free of charge from neighbouring mine owners. After a time, however, these gentlemen got scent of what was going on, and thereupon put upon their shale the price of 5s. per ton. The result was that in a very short time retorts began to spring up in all directions, and experience showed that the yield of each ton of shale varied from twenty to thirty-five gallons. It is, in fact, believed that it may be made worth 10s. per ton by anyone carrying on the various processes of distillation and purification on his own account, which of course makes the value of this despised refuse equal to that of coal and ironstone.

The production of oil received a slight check in the course of a few months from the fact that it had to be sent to a distance to be refined, and it was found that if it were refined on the spot a saving of £3 per ton to the producer, in carriage and leakage, would be secured. A number of enterprising gentlemen living in Tunstall and the neighbourhood therefore constituted themselves into the North Staffordshire Oil Company (Limited), and they are now bringing to completion a very extensive refinery on the side of the

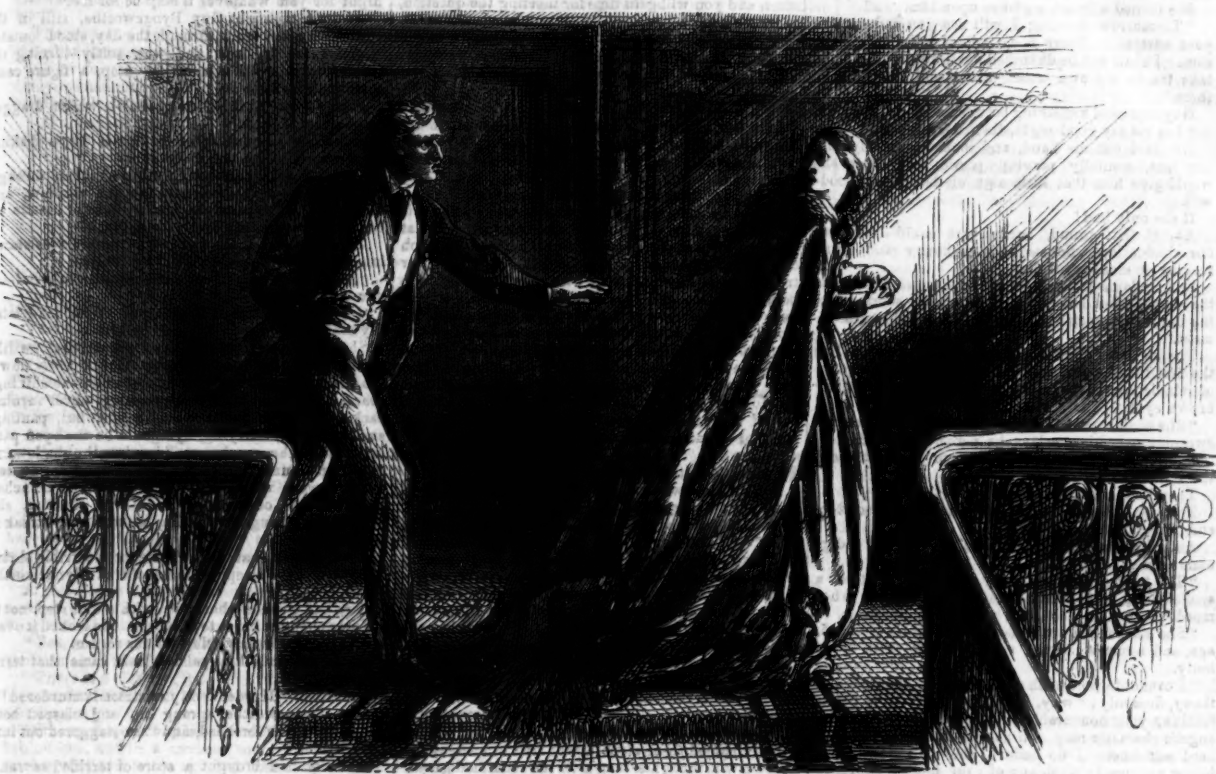
railway between Burslem and Tunstall stations. The works occupy an area of 135 yards by 107. There are three crude oil tanks, each capable of holding 150 tons of oil, and the stills are of proportional dimensions.

After undergoing an elaborate process of purification the paraffin is placed in canvas bags, in which it is first of all subjected to a slight pressure, and then is placed in an hydraulic press of 300 tons, where it is solidified and rendered fit for the market. A space of 135 yards by 40 has been reserved behind the works for extensions, as in time it is intended to make paraffin candles on the spot. The present producing power of the refinery is 100 tons per week, and nearly 100 persons are employed. It is the intention of the company, however, not to rest satisfied until the works are sufficiently large to yield 200 tons per week. The works, which have cost £12,000, have been erected in first-rate style by Messrs. Barker and Cope.

SNOW-FALL IN THE CATCHMENT BASIN OF THE THAMES.—I have caused the following calculation to be made in order to show the quantity of water which falls upon the catchment basin of the Thames during a snow-storm. The calculation was made December, 1865, when the snow had fallen uniformly as nearly as possible to the thickness of one foot all over the country. I selected an open spot in the park of my friend Higford Burr, Esq., at Aldermaston, where the snow had fallen quite level, and had not been at all drifted. I cut out by measurement an exact square foot of snow, and then melted it to see how much water would be the product. The calculation then is as follows:—There are five pints of water in a square foot of snow, and there are forty-five pints of water in a square yard of snow. There are, therefore, 17,000,424 gallons of water in a square mile of snow. The number of square miles in the catchment basin of the Thames is over 5,162. It is 20½ miles in length, has fifteen tributaries, the total length of which is 463½ miles. Therefore, 89,942,688,000 gallons of water fell in this storm into the catchment basin of the Thames. The water companies are said to take about 50,000,000 of gallons of water per day from the Thames. Therefore, the quantity which fell into the catchment basin of the Thames during the one snow-storm would, if not otherwise ordered by nature, supply the waterworks companies of London with water for four years and 338 days—very nearly five years.—F. B.

COPPER SMOKE AS A MANURE.—However paradoxical this proposition may appear we can assure our readers that it has become a *fait accompli*. For many years past the deleterious effects of the copper smoke have been most seriously complained of by landed proprietors in the neighbourhood of Swansea, Neath, and other districts immediately contiguous to the large copper ore smelting works, and any person acquainted with the districts named knows full well that the hills and many of the neighbouring valleys are completely denuded of vegetation, scarcely a blade of grass being seen in some localities. Successful actions have often been maintained at the assizes against the owners of copper works for injury done to crops and cattle by the arsenical deposits emitted by the copper smoke. During the late session of Parliament a bill was carried for the more effectual suppression of the "smoke nuisance," and to make it compulsory for owners of large works to consume their smoke or that part thereof which is prejudicial either to the health or property of the inhabitants. Mr. H. H. Vivian, M.P., has in consequence for some time past given this subject his most serious attention, and has erected works, and obtained such scientific aid as has enabled him not only to render the smoke entirely free from any deleterious effects, but to turn it to most profitable use by the manufacture of a most valuable superphosphate, which, as a manure for green crops, is almost unequalled. At the recent meeting of the West Glamorgan Agricultural Society, held in Swansea, Mr. Vivian, in alluding to this subject, said that his works would produce manure enough for something like 40,000 acres of turnips every year. He looked upon what he had already done as a mere experiment, just a feeler, and if the works answered, as he had every belief they would, the district of Swansea would yet become the chief fertilizer of a large portion of England, because that on which he was now experimenting represented but a very small portion of the beautiful white smoke which they saw rolling away in such abundance over the hills, and of which he hoped a large portion would eventually be condensed and formed into superphosphate.

At the last Derbyshire Quarter Sessions "Jem Mace, Champion of England," his late opponent, "Joe Goss," and three other pugilists, were sentenced by Mr. Evans, M.P., to one month's imprisonment with hard labour, for participation in a prize-fight near Burton-on-Trent. They received good characters from the police.



[GUY BYNGEWORTH STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF MAUDE.]

GUY BYNGEWORTH.

CHAPTER III.

Guy left Maude at the hall and turned to the library. Anthony Brown was sitting there with his head resting on his two hands and his arms crossed on the table. He looked up as Guy entered, and said, almost angrily:

"Well, sir, this is a pretty storm you have raised. I should like to know why I am made to suffer as well as the guilty parties."

"What do you mean, Anthony?" demanded Guy, sinking wearily into a chair.

"I mean that Madame Julia has just sent for me and given me as sound a berating as if it was I who had married against her will. I must say I was astonished at your boldness and recklessness, and perfectly amazed at this piece of news."

"And delighted likewise, I suppose," said Guy, in a surly tone; "you may build up your fortunes on the ruins of mine."

"By my soul, Guy Byngeworth, you wrong me there. It is hard enough for me to bear all Madame Julia's wrath and invective for daring to say a word in your behalf, without added suspicion and accusation from you," said he, in a tone of wounded feeling.

Guy looked up keenly into his face as he said:

"Your looks and your words sound honest, yet—"

"Ah, I know," said Anthony Brown, his plain face gathering a glow of indignation, "it is the old suspicion. I have seen it always, and grieved over it, and vainly hoped that time would show you its falsity. It always seemed so strange that you, the successful, prosperous, flattered one, should cherish resentment against so miserable, hopeless a wretch as Anthony Brown. You, Byngeworth, the only soul in the wide world, I do believe, who claims any hold upon Madame Julia's heart, her acknowledged heir, the husband of Maude Young. What more could you ask, man? Look at yourself and at me, and ask yourself how you can cherish any feeling except one of profound pity towards me."

He flung forth his long, claw-like fingers, pointing to the mirror, which showed his dwarfed, misshapen figure beside the tall, elegant, manly form of Guy.

The latter coloured, and hung his head.

"Besides," continued Anthony, sadly, "that is the least of the pain. You know the deeper misery. Why should you be angry with me that I could not live in the angelic presence of Maude Young, without loving her? It may have been presumptuous for me

to declare that love, but it is the fault of human nature that we all strive madly to reach the prize we have set before us. When my love was rejected I retired sorrowful and dejected, but meekly resigned to my fate. I molested neither of you, though my opened eyes showed me traces of your attachment. Yet you have both looked upon me as an enemy. I ask you now, Guy, why it has been so. That it is undeserved is proved by this day's work, for I have drawn upon my devoted head the wrath of Madame Julia for daring to intercede for Maude. She has given me warning to leave the place."

"I beg your pardon, Anthony. I am ashamed of my surliness," exclaimed Guy, stretching forth his hand, which Anthony grasped heartily.

"Thank you. Now let us talk about this unhappy difficulty. Madame Julia's wrath must somehow be appeased. It will be a monstrous injustice for you to be turned away from Byngeworth Park."

"Yet it seems unavoidable. She is terribly incensed, and I cannot altogether blame her. I was very imprudent, and yet I had a great temptation. I could never relinquish Maude for Florence Monkton."

"It is a very unfortunate affair, but somehow I have strong hopes that it will terminate better than we anticipate. I count strongly on her affection for you. She loves you, Guy, beyond anything else in the world except her pride and her ambition."

"Ah, but they are both indomitable."

"That remains to be proved. If there were any better course open to her than to passively acquiesce I might have less hope. But there is not. She said to me, with intense bitterness, that her plans were all ruined beyond hope of retrieving if you persisted in your marriage with Maude. There was no other to step into your place. She taunted me with the meagre gifts nature had given me, which prevented my being of service in your stead. Her vindictiveness against that innocent girl is appalling. Indeed, her whole behaviour was more like that of a maniac than anything else. But I think she will come to see the utter folly of turning you adrift upon the world, since it will wreck her happiness far more effectually than yours. I am very sanguine of another frame of mind when she has had a night's rest upon it, or a wakeful vigil of reflection, either will be of service. It is strange about that letter from Plymouth. Have you any suspicion from whom it has come?"

Guy coloured as he replied, frankly:

"I blush to confess that I suspected you, Anthony."

"Me, oh, Guy!" was said, in so sorrowful and

reproachful a tone that Guy felt the tears gather in his eyes.

"I am very much ashamed of it, Anthony," faltered he, meekly.

"Then let us think no more about it. I am your true friend, Guy, and even more than yours—I am the friend of Maude. For her sake let me counsel you to restrain your anger and indignation, and try to bear patiently with Madame Julia's wrath. She ordered me peremptorily from her room, but I've a mind to make another venture by-and-by. Such a violent passion must soon exhaust itself. I'll test the state of her mind, and if it be more propitious you must follow it up."

"You are very kind, Anthony. You give me reviving hopes. It seems to me that she would put away her anger if she would only listen calmly to my excuses."

"I will watch her closely and give you warning of any relenting mood. For myself it does not matter, she has already dismissed me, and she can do no worse. It is very little any way that I can lose. Such a situation can be obtained anywhere. She was always as niggardly with me as lavish with you. She loves you, Guy, and she loves no other human being in the wide world."

"If I be reinstated here, Anthony, you shall not regret this kindness of yours."

Anthony went off about his benevolent errand, and Guy retreated to his own room and threw himself on his couch.

The feverish excitement and intense strain upon his nerves had left him as exhausted as by a night of watchfulness or a day of hard labour.

He sprang up, and hurriedly arranged his toilet when the dinner-bell sounded its warning call, and went down with a beating heart, however calm a face he had managed to assume.

Madame Julia was there, calm and stately, although pale, and with dark circles betraying nervous exhaustion beneath her bright black eyes.

She treated him with cold, ceremonious politeness, and did not seem conscious of Maude's vacant chair.

It was a trying ordeal, but Anthony bravely threw himself into the yawning silences which came between the chief orders to the waiter.

He addressed himself now to one, and now to the other of his companions upon casual topics, and seemed in no wise daunted by Madame Julia's short replies. There was no question but each was thankful when the dinner was over.

Guy made a timid movement of appeal as Madame Julia swept towards the staircase.

"Mother, I wish you would give me a few moments' conversation," said he.

She turned a frowning glance upon him.

"To-morrow morning I will see you and receive your answer. There is no appeal from this decision. I shall not be disturbed again to-day. I shall take tea in my own room, and spend the evening there."

Guy repressed something between a sob and a groan. "Let me say good-night, then, dear mother."

He held out his hand, and looked wistfully into her face, mentally praying passionately that she would give him that little sign of charity and goodwill.

If she only had!

Alas, if that proud, hard heart could have had one shuddering glimpse of the horror and crime lurking so close at hand.

But Madame Julia saw not. She struck fiercely at the outstretched hand, and swept up the stairs nursing her own imperious will, her implacable resentment.

The sigh of Guy shrank into an imprecation. For the first time he set his lip fiercely, and a cruel glare of vindictive, revengeful anger darkened his clear brown eyes.

"She shall repent this!" muttered he, a sullen red sweeping over his cheek as he perceived that Dixon, the butler, as well as Anthony Brown had witnessed the action.

They both heard his words.

The old butler shook his gray head disconsolately and hurried away.

Anthony came to Guy, and said, in a quick, indignant voice:

"She treats you shamefully, as if you were a spoiled child, to be punished or petted according to her mood."

"She shall find I am a man, with a man's strength, age, and a man's power," returned Guy, still more hotly.

"I cannot fathom such a character," pursued Anthony, dreamily; "why, I do believe, if you persist in fulfilling your honourable duty to sweet Maude, whose angelic character may well be antagonistic to her own hard selfishness, I do believe she will reluctantly follow you up, to crush any of your honest efforts to earn a livelihood. I do believe she will spare no pains to turn all men against you, and wilfully and deliberately drive you to starvation and madness, all the while exulting in your ruin. It is her character, so pitiless, so relentless."

Guy shuddered, and then clenched his hands and shook them fiercely.

"She shall not, she shall not turn me from my rights; Maude was right—even a worm will turn at last."

Dixon was just passing again to the china closet. He cast a frightened look into Guy's face, hesitated a moment, and then passed on.

"Come away, Guy; you must not speak in that way before the servants. It is very imprudent; I cannot wonder that you feel so, but you must try to overcome it."

And the compassionate Anthony drew him into the library, and carefully closed the door.

"Guy," said he, in a grave, deliberate voice, as he came back to the chair into which the young man had dropped forlornly, "what I have seen of Madame Julia to-day has shown me more than I ever dreamed of her character. She is cruelly vindictive and spiteful as well as imperious and exacting. Guy, you must give up Maude. It will be misery for you both any other way. For, I tell you, Madame Julia will hunt you down like a wolf if you defy her."

"I will never give up Maude! she is my wife—I am the father of her child!" cried Guy, impetuously. Anthony rubbed his hands slowly across his forehead. "My poor Guy, my poor Maude! What will become of you, then?"

"Why do you look so appalled, Anthony?" cried Guy, fretfully; "am I a child, or an idiot? Have I not health and strength, and a thorough education? Why may I not make my way fearlessly, like any other young man?"

"I thought so this morning, but now—I saw that in Madame Julia's eye which frightens me. She will use her boundless wealth to persecute you; to haunt you, to snatch away from you every chance of earning your bread. Those dear ones will perish of starvation. But all I have shall be yours; I will share the persecution, for I told her this morning I would work my fingers to the bone for Maude and her child, and that will be enough to settle my doom."

"Just heaven!" cried Guy, shuddering; "can she who has been so kind and tender turn thus into a malignant fiend?"

"Is there no arrangement to be made? Your wife might go away and live securely in peace upon your savings out of the income allowed you as the heir. You could visit her secretly, you know; and make

plenty of pretexts for postponing the marriage with Florence Monclon. Only seem to acquiesce in her desires, and you will gain time for meeting the question, if nothing more."

"I tell you I could not live so. I think I might be guilty of a downright crime, if my blood were up; but of deliberate meanness and hypocrisy I am not capable."

"It might only be for a little while. A dozen things might happen. Madame Julia herself might die, and that would end your difficulties."

"Oh, heaven have mercy on me!" wailed out Guy, in a tone of intense agony, "that would end all my difficulties! How I hate myself for saying it!"

"Guy," said Anthony Brown, turning away his face and working vigorously with his handkerchief at his eyes, his smooth voice broken by a little sob, "you must see, do you not? You believe that I am your true, sincere friend, for your own sake, but still more because you are the husband of the woman I adored once and still love better than all the rest of the world—with a pure love, freed from selfish passion, mind you. Guy, will you trust me for your friend? Will you let me talk with your wife, and then find some plan by which you may escape all this threatening horror? But you must say you trust me now?"

"Of course I do, kind, generous Anthony. Tell my poor Maude that I say you are the best friend we have left. But in your plan I must confess I have little faith; I see but one way—"

Anthony Brown left him with a kind clasp of the hand and a cheer:

"Do not despair, Guy. Keep up a bold heart still!"

"Despair!" muttered the wretched Guy, placing his baggard fingers to his trembling hands—"how can I help it with such a prospect? Beggary was bad enough, but persecution and compelled starvation may well chill a man's blood. If I thought she could persecute me as she does, if I thought it—"

He clenched his hands fiercely as they fell away from the wild, blinding eyes, and shook them threateningly towards the ceiling of Madame Julia's room.

Then, shuddering from head to foot, dropped his head upon the table.

He remained there alone, driven half to madness by his own wild thoughts, long after the room had grown dim with the evening shadows.

The servant who came to light the lamps started as if a ghost had glided out from the richly-carved bookshelves when he arose from the chair and shook his numbed limbs.

He knew how ghastly his face must look, and crept away upstairs to his own luxurious chamber, sending the servant for a cup of tea and a slice of toast, and declaring his intention of remaining there alone until he retired.

When the man had been finally dismissed Guy went softly to Maude's door, and called her name in a very low tone.

"I cannot see you now, Guy," answered Maude's low, faint voice.

"I am so wretched, it seems to me you could comfort me a little, Maude, my darling, let me in," sighed he.

"No, no!" was returned, hastily, in a scared, wild tone. "I dare not; don't ask to see me to-night, Guy."

"Have you talked with Anthony?"

"Yes. I think we have been unjust to him; he would help us as he could."

"I am sure he would, but it is out of his power. There is only one way."

"Aye," came in a low wail from within, "there is only one way."

"Maude!"

"What do you want, Guy?"

"I want to see you, my precious one. I am lost in such black depths of despair, I want your dear hand to encourage, to strengthen, to lift me forth. Let me come in."

"Not to-night, Guy. I will help you, I will do the best I can to remedy this woe I have wrought. But I cannot see you to-night."

"Do you dread me? do you fear me?" asked he, reproachfully.

"No, no, dear Guy. I dread and fear only myself. I dare not disturb my calmness, or weaken my fortitude."

"Good-night, then, my Maude. Heaven bless you."

"Good-night, Guy," was said, calmly, and Guy returned to his chamber, somehow a little comforted, dreaming not that within Maude's room was a prostrate figure, grovelling on the floor, writhing and twisting with soundless agony. Her sunny curls were twisted in a tangled mass and thrust away from the pallid forehead, her hands were flung upward and locked rigidly, her eyes were closed, her lips blue and frozen, parted away from the white, set teeth, through which the breath came gaspingly as she moaned:

"Good-night, Guy; I mean indeed to help you, to set you right again. Good-night, oh, Guy, a good-night for you whatever it may be for me."

At dead midnight Guy Byngeworthe, still in the clothing he had worn through the day, stood outside Madame Julia's door, and was softly turning the handle, when, with a noiseless step, a figure came gliding to his side.

It was wrapped in a heavy shawl, which dragged on the floor behind.

A low shriek burst from its lips as Guy's shaking hand was laid upon its shoulder.

The light of a glorious full moon streamed through the broad crystal of a great upper window, and thoroughly illuminated the ghastly face of Maude as he turned her around, almost roughly.

The two pairs of startled, wild, frenzied eyes stared into each other's faces with guilty affright.

"Maude, Maude, in the name of Heaven what are you doing here?"

"Guy Byngeworthe, let me go! What mad fatality sent you to meet me?"

She tore herself from his grasp, and fled swiftly but noiselessly, not to her chamber, but away down the stairs, through the doorway, out into the shining, peaceful, glaucous night, never pausing, never turning back so much as a glance of her eye, but, panting, and breathless, hurrying, flying, not on the open path or in the highway; but creeping into the shadows of the hedges; under the gloom of the vine-hung fences, away, away, with white right face and clenched hands, on one of which, with a wild shudder, she found, when the gray morning broke, a gory streak of fresh blood.

Long before that time, however, a terrible shriek had startled the sleeping household of Byngeworthe Park.

Guy had gone mechanically with a dull step, not to his own chamber but into Maude's. He looked it over, and then sat down, waiting for her return.

So to his numb, half-palped brain came that terrible cry:

"Murder! Murder! My mistress is murdered!"

Guy Byngeworthe sprang up and clasped both hands across his forehead, and then staggered out into the corridor.

The cry had brought a score of terrified servants huddling together, weeping, questioning, talking incoherently, but making no definite movement. Into their midst walked a man with a quick, firm step and a keen eye.

"What is all this alarm?" said Anthony Brown, authoritatively flashing his lamp upon the scene, and thrusting one arm into the sleeve of his dressing-gown at the same time.

"Madame Julia has been murdered!" answered Dixon.

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Anthony, marching straight into the mistress's room with his light.

The awe-stricken crowd followed.

There she lay, the hard, stern, proud mistress of Byngeworthe Park. It seemed as if there were still on the white, cold features a haughty sneer.

The hands were extended carelessly upon the counterpane, and the rays from the lamp played mockingly upon the great cluster of diamonds blazing on the forefinger that had once been so hard and horny.

She had, evidently, died without a struggle, but dead she was; and a great, ghastly, stiffened tide of blood oozed over the delicate linen of the night robes and marred the snowy purity of the counterpane. She had been stabbed in her sleep through the heart!

There was one wild, wailing cry as Guy Byngeworthe fell down upon his knees by the murdered woman.

"Mother, oh, mother, forgive me!" shrieked he.

The servants eyed each other with darkening glances. Anthony Brown saw it, and hurried to him, and fairly dragged him away to his chamber, into which he locked his passive figure, and was returning when he met Dixon, who, emerging from Maude's room with a fellow servant, held up a long, slender, blood-stained dagger.

"See here, Mr. Brown; do you know this?"

"My heaven!" ejaculated Anthony.

Well enough he knew the costly Greek weapon Guy had brought from his late visit to Athens.

He hid it in poor Miss Maude's room. I saw him go there with my own eyes. I heard a talking—and I got up. I've been listening all night. I was afraid something foul was brewing when he made those threats yesterday. You must send for the police, Mr. Brown."

Anthony waited till Dixon had gone again to the chamber to exhibit his discovery, then softly stole back to Guy.

He was obliged to shake him roughly to obtain attention.

"Guy Byngeworthe," said Anthony, in a hoarse, strained voice, "of all the evil which could befall you

this is the worst. Do you know of what you are accused in there? They say you have murdered Madame Julia; they are going for the officers of the law."

The wretched young man sprang to his feet, and glared at him fiercely.

"How dare they?" began he angrily, and then suddenly his haughty head fell forward, and, putting both hands feebly to his forehead, he gasped:

"Don't speak to me! Don't ask me anything! I must have time to think!"

"Every moment is worth your life," answered Anthony. "Dixon has repeated your threatening words; he has found your Greek dagger hidden away in Maude's room. He says he saw you going from Madame Julia's door to that chamber. Oh, Guy, this is terrible!"

"Do you believe that I murdered her, do you believe it, Anthony Brown?" demanded Guy, hoarsely.

Anthony put up both hands to shield his face, and kept silence.

"I see, I see," muttered Guy, gloomily; "oh, that the dagger were also in my heart!"

"There is no time to lose, Guy; you may yet escape. Fly from the country. It is certain death to remain. Your horse is tied at the fence by the great chestnut on the highway. This window is low, and you are a quick, easy climber. Oh, haste, Guy, before the country is alarmed. Take my purse—there is fortunately a large sum in it. Fly before it is too late."

"Why should I fly?" demanded Guy, sternly.

Anthony wrung his hands.

"He is demented. He does not understand. Oh, heavens! the officers will be here, and he will be questioned! For Maude's sake, Guy, for Maude's sake fly!"

A great ague shook the strong young frame at the mention of that name; and Guy repeated, with a woe-ful glance of intelligence:

"Yes, yes, I must fly! for Maude's sake, to escape questioning, I must fly!"

"There is a cloak on the chair; wrap it around you. You understand about the horse. Heaven prosper and forgive you."

Anthony darted away, and carefully locked the door behind him, and in a moment more was listening in sorrowful silence to the agitated comments of the servants.

Dixon was the hero of the hour.

He related again and again the story of his suspicions—his nervous wakefulness—his determination to learn the cause of the cautious steps.

His discovery of the two shrinking figures at Madame Julia's door.

His desperate exploration into the terrible death chamber.

And the same sad story was repeated when, something like two hours after daylight, the officers of the law arrived.

There was but one opinion.

The policeman with a stern face moved towards the chamber-door, which had been carefully watched, saying:

"The girl accomplice may have escaped; but I am thankful the probable instigator and murderer has been secured."

He unlocked the door and marched in, followed by half a dozen men.

A loud cry of chagrin came from Anthony Brown.

The window was wide open, and fastened to it, dangling outside, was an empty rope, twisted of bed-linen from the rifled couch.

The constable turned with an oath.

"Out with your horses. Scour the country far and wide. The villain shall not escape us."

"Oh, mercy!" cried out a stable-boy; "I've just thought of it. His gray Fleetfoot was away all night; he had her ready somewhere. You can't catch her with any horseflesh in this shire."

"We'll try for it. The London and Liverpool police must be warned. Come, my men, let us be off on the chase."

The family lawyer crept up to Anthony Brown.

"There's been a terrible storm, hasn't there, last evening? I was to come to make a new will. The old one now will probably be good."

"You'd better look after the papers. I don't know where she kept them, but her maid will tell you," answered Anthony, grave and still.

"Why, what is this?" exclaimed the lawyer, when the maid Lucille had found him the keys of the private *secrétaire* standing near the bedside, and he had flung open the lid.

It was a pile of paper torn into shreds, some of the bits charred and blackened as if they had been held to a candle.

He examined them keenly, looked around to Anthony, and exclaimed:

"It is the old will; she has destroyed it. Well, well; whose now will this great property be? If these two have died someone else must have it."

Anthony put up his hand to his head as if a sudden pang had shot thither.

His pale gray eyes grew blank as with a terrible fright, and he cried out, shiveringly:

"Don't tell me it will fall to me, who am only a great-nephew of her husband's."

"It will be so, beyond question," answered the young lawyer, flinging a curious glance into his agitated face; "it's unlikely these two will come back to put their necks into a halter. You're a rich man, Mr. Anthony Brown."

Anthony staggered to a seat, and dropped his face into his hands.

"I can't bear it! I can't bear it," groaned he.

"I loved those two so dearly; they were made to adorn and enjoy such a fortune, while I—"

He broke off with a bitter groan.

The lawyer's keen, sharp eye was watching him closely.

But Anthony did not lift his face again; and the former walked off into another room, and began in a desultory way getting information from Lucille concerning the relations of the several members of the family.

CHAPTER IV.

THE freaks of fashion have seldom so much reasonable excuse for their observance as the one which had suddenly changed a lonely, deserted point of land into a noted watering-place.

The place had a witching air about it with its long grassy slope of land edging the gray rocky line which bordered the sea.

With its ever free, ever invigorating breezes, its pure clear air, its broad sweep of sea, and its weird, rocky ledge, which stretched forth like a giant's arm, now bared to the glinting sunshine, and now hid from sight by the seething billows, holding out to the distant ships peering into the bay their warning beacon.

When the present keeper of the lighthouse came thither, which was some fifteen years ago, there were but two little farm-houses on the whole cape, and the lighthouse was as isolated from the busy, hurrying tide of human life as though it had stood amid the sands of Sahara.

But it was quite another affair since an adventurous Frenchman had built a grand villa, and taken boarders.

As if by magic sprang up thereafter spacious fanns, and lovely little cottages, and the whole place was swarming in the summer months with a gay crowd of butterflies, of pleasure-seekers and lovers of nature.

The lighthouse escaped the participation in all this gaiety, but not the sight of it.

That long, treacherous ledge of rock over which the waters swept only at the lowest ebb of the tide kept off what "Lighthouse Dick," as he was named by the neighbourhood, would call a swarm of noisy intruders.

It was only now and then some reckless naval officer, or skilled oarsman, would brave the surf which swept around the base of the great rock, and anchoring his boat securely in some jagged seam, would pay the lighthouse a visit.

Such a one would meet a grave, stern, reticent man, with a singular air, who would politely but coldly reply to his questions, answer any curious speculations that might naturally arise at viewing one who had spent so many years in such an isolated spot, with so indifferent and frigid a tone that the most loquacious tongue would falter and grow dumb.

Of course the greater number of the visitors clambered up the spiral staircase, and explored the great lantern.

The majority of lighthouse-keepers seize upon such walls thrown in their way as especial godsends, and are never weary of giving as much gratuitous information as the complacent visitor will receive.

But "Lighthouse Dick" was of another nature. He answered the questions put to him as briefly as if he were in a witness-box, and no subject was able to draw him out of the shell into which his spirit seemed, snail-like, to have withdrawn.

He never invited a single person into his family room, although it was very well understood by the neighbouring farmers and fishermen who had an opportunity to know something of the lighthouse-keeper, all the year round, that there was a family there.

The man who brought down the oil and the needed supplies from the town often told about the thin, slight figure and the pale, melancholy face he would see vanish from the window as he approached, and wonder what sort of a Bluebeard the keeper must be that the poor woman shrank away so affrighted at a stranger's approach.

Others mocked at this story of the melancholy recluse, and declared that, silently approaching the place, they had been surprised and delighted by a

rich burst of gleeful laughter, such as could not come but from an untroubled heart.

But various as might be the speculations, very few were the wisers for them.

On this morning when we have taken our first look at the lighthouse there is a trim little sailing-boat darting about, something after the fashion of the sea-gulls, on the water abreast of the tall shaft of the light.

Presently the sail is dropped, the oars are put out, and the bows are turned towards the landing, which is gained, not by the direct approach, but by dropping down into the eddy formed by the wall of submerged rock, and dashing boldly down the current.

The steersman was a fine, manly-looking youth, scarcely more than twenty years of age, but his eye was clear and fearless, his arm steady and true.

The course pursued would have been dangerous trifling for an unpractised arm, but the little sail-boat kept safe on her course, and was checked at the right moment.

The youth threw off the anchor and was turning with a smile to his companion, a gentleman of middle age, when the latter held up a warning finger, and made an expressive gesture for silence.

The handsome young oarsman followed the directing eyes, and his own face caught a glew of astonishment and delight.

For, through an opening of the jagged rocky wall, they saw, just beyond them, poised on a huge crag around which dashed the white spray, and roared the hungry waves, a light, airy form, more like a fairy sprite or ocean Naiad than a human being, so careless and graceful and fearless was her attitude.

One round white arm was laid upon the wet rock for support, and the spray now and then flung a beaded tribute across it and over the draped naked feet.

A plain white robe fluttered around the symmetrical form, and the breeze tossed playfully a luxuriant shower of brown curls; tangled with fireflies by the glinting sunlight, from the charming, lovely childish face.

All unaware of this scrutiny, she stood there in her unconscious grace; her sweet lips glad with a bright smile, her joyous, dancing eyes fixed out to the waves upon some object out of the vision of those below, and her lovely right arm flung up over her head, either in eager beckoning or to signal her presence to some distant observer.

"Is it a water-nymph beckoning us to some wonderful discovery?" asked the young man, in a whisper. "Oh, father, was there ever anything more lovely?"

"She is nothing but a child. How will she ever get away from that dangerous place?" returned the elder gentleman, in the same cautious tone.

"Let us go to her with the boat; but no, it is absurd. I should as soon think of offering assistance to one of the fleet-winged gulls; she looks as fearless, and as capable of soaring. Why, father, this is a pretty picture for us to carry back. It were worth while to have come so far for it. And, oh! wouldn't it be a charming companion to my favourite picture at the park. I do believe there is a strong resemblance, too, between the two faces."

"What do you mean?" demanded the father, somewhat sharply, and, forgetting his caution, he spoke aloud.

The water-sprite heard the words, gave one startled glance around her, discovered the reeking boat below, and bounding from rock to rock with the grace and fearlessness of a bird, disappeared from sight.

"Oh, what a pity; you have broken the spell," said the son, reproachfully.

"I am sorry, but we may yet meet the charming little maiden at the lighthouse. I am determined to visit it, Allan."

"What I said startled you—I wonder why, father," said Allan, looking closely into his companion's face.

"You use strong expressions, my son; surprised is a better word than startled," was the quiet reply.

"No, sir, it is not so truthful a word. You were something more than surprised. There went a quick flash over your whole face. I know the expression right well. I've seen it come in court when all at once you caught a clue which helped you."

"I was not aware I had so close an observer with me in Master Allan Brent," with a demure smile.

"I wish that I had a more communicative companion than Theodore Brent, Esq.," retorted Allan, a little petulantly. "There is a mystery about this movement. I am keen-eyed enough to see that. Why did you come at all, father, just now especially, when it seems that your embarrassments ought to require close work and attention from both of us? It seems queer that you should come idling here, when we know the mortgage on the old place may be foreclosed in a year and drive us away from our dear old home, the home of your ancestors, father."

A deep glow had spread over the gentleman's face while the boy was talking, but he tried to hide his earnestness under a flippant tone.

"I think I must introduce you into my profession, Allan. You have a true lawyer's zest for hunting up cases, and ferreting out mysteries. Heaven grant you may make a more profitable speculation of it than your father."

"You do not deny the truth of my surprisings; there is a secret," said Allan, triumphantly. "I knew it, or you would not have left your office and come on this pleasant tour."

"Softly, same on business. Am I not the agent of two estates? Do I not come to procure references and specimens and plants? And are not all my expenses paid?"

"Fahaw, just the bare expenses; but what of the days and weeks idled away? You cannot cheat me, father. You had a deeper motive for coming, and it had something to do with Sir Anthony or with the park, or with some of the dead and gone Byngworth mysteries. You were startled because I said there was a likeness between this water-nymph and the picture of Maudie Younge in the park picture gallery. If there be a mystery, why may I not know and share it?"

"My dear boy, your imagination has already gone farther than anything I could tell."

"Then why not set me right? Indeed, indeed, father, I am no foolish child. I can keep whatever you impart as sacredly as you wish. But it frets me to feel that you are hiding something from me; that you are playing a part before me as a cover to your secret movements. Why are you always searching into such strange by-places? Whom are you seeking, and for what?"

"Pertinent and momentous questions, Allan," said Mr. Brent, with a weary sigh. "If I were you I would not ask to have that young brain dazed by such will-o'-the-wisp tangles."

"Perhaps because my mind is young it will not suffer from such a tax upon it. The annoyances may rebound. I wish you would tell me, father."

"Persistent fellow! How long since I have been under such sharp surveillance?"

"For two years certainly. I have found out a good many things in that time. One is that, polite and courteous and urbane as you and Sir Anthony always are when you meet, you like each other about as well as cats and mice."

"To which race do you assign your humble servant? Am I one of the slayers or the slain? the ferocious grimalkin or the cowering, trembling mouse?"

Allan was leaning over the bow of the boat, dipping his hand idly into the water. He looked up with a puzzled, roguish smile into the slightly satirical face beyond him.

"Faith, father, that's what has puzzled me. Now I think you are expecting every minute a blow from him, and then again I make sure that Sir Anthony is dreadfully afraid of you."

"I was not aware of the precocious sharpness of my son and heir. You shall be my detective in future, Allan. Tell me some more of your discoveries?"

"I comply generously, trusting to obtain my recompense in the same unreserved confidence. I have discovered that Sir Anthony and Lady Florence can neither of them face that pair of portraits which hangs between the great bow windows. That they would be thankful to remove them, but do not do it lest the very movement betray that antipathy. It is a curious little fact."

"Anything farther?"

"Why, no, not of consequence. I've wondered why that useless old driver Dixon, whose post is a perfect sinecure, receives the largest salary of any of Sir Anthony's servants, so that he is enabled to lay by every year a snug little income."

"Dixon was an old servant at the park. Sir Anthony very generously and disinterestedly rewards him for the sake of past services," was the dry rejoinder. "I move that we postpone farther discussion and make our visit to the lighthouse now."

"When we return you will tell me all about it? Only promise me that, sir, and I will be content."

"Yes, yes; you shall hear the very meagre report I am able to make. Those rocks are slippery, look out how you step over them."

"You forget I am at home anywhere on the seacoast. Let me give you a lift."

They scrambled up the sharp rocks, and found their way into a beaten track leading to the low doorway beneath the lighthouse. While they were proceeding hither a long narrow sailing-boat came beating down against the wind on the other side, with two men in it, and was presently alongside a rude sort of wharf.

They unloaded the boat, storing packages, cans, casks and the like safely away on the inland path, and then one of the men rowed off again, and the

other, with his arms filled with bundles, came slowly up the pathway towards the lighthouse.

Mr. Brent and his son were standing at the door perseveringly knocking, although their summons had been thoroughly disregarded. They stepped back as the man approached, and bowed respectfully.

"We are chance visitors to your wild but fascinating home, and are exceedingly curious to examine the light up above, and obtain likewise the fine view its great height must give. Do you allow such intrusion?" said Brent, in his most courteous tone.

Lighthouse Dick, for it was he, returned the bow gravely but respectfully.

"I am instructed to allow any reasonable examination from respectable parties. Let me put away these goods and I will come and show you over the place," said he.

He went into the house, carefully closing the door behind him, leaving the gentleman standing without.

"Father," asked young Allan, eagerly, seeing how scrutinizingly Mr. Brent followed the retreating figure, "have you ever seen that man before?"

"I do not think I have; I certainly recognize no old acquaintance."

"He might be a very handsome man, old as he is, if he would not dress in such rough, slouchy clothing, and wear his hair fowled over his forehead in that ugly fashion. And what a forlorn way of putting on a hat, shoving it down over a body's eyes in that way. If our pretty maid be his daughter, she should teach him better."

"Hush! here he comes."

(To be continued.)

RELATIVES.

"You have wealthy relatives, and they will undoubtedly feel it a privilege to aid you to the utmost of your needs. A very little of their surplus wealth will amply provide for your wants."

"I am too feeble in health, and too bewildered now to form any plans. But it is my purpose to provide for myself as soon as possible. Of course I henceforth give up society and all expensive pleasures; but I trust I shall find some way of making myself independent of outside aid."

"You are right," replied an old lady, who had until now remained silent. "Resolve to fare and to lodge poorly, and to wear coarse garments, to forego, as far as may be, all the old daintiness of habit, save only personal neatness, for that costs little in money, and gains much for you in health; but never allow yourself to be dependent on others. Rather live on one meal a day, earned by yourself, than accept the luxuries of your rich friends' tables."

"You are severe," said the first speaker. "Mrs. Lambert is too feeble now to make plans, and I should advise her to accept the proffered aid of her relatives."

"For a short time she may properly do so. But my experience of the world has availed me little if my prediction come not true. No great time will elapse ere she will have reason to feel herself unwelcome and a burden. It is for this reason, and that she may preserve her own respect and retain that of her friends, that I advise her to make many personal sacrifices, should these be necessary, rather than become dependent upon even her nearest friends."

Mrs. Lambert was a widow in all but the name. Her bereavement was the more terrible because when she lost the care and protection of her husband she lost also the respect which is the proper food of wedded love.

Delicate, refined, accustomed to luxury, and a stranger to sorrow and care, it is not wonderful that for a time she succumbed to the stunning effects of the blow that had fallen upon her.

It was in early days, but not the earliest, of her sorrow, that two true and tried friends, who were admitted to the darkened apartments where she yet brooded over her grief and shame, held in her presence the conversation we have recorded.

The elder lady, Mrs. Graydon, had been a friend (though of less years) of her mother. Her advice carried great weight for the mother of Mrs. Lambert had been accustomed to rely upon it, and had taught her daughter to appreciate its wisdom.

Mrs. Lambert had thought much in her seclusion of her future life, which was to be so changed from that she had known.

But it was as she said; she was as yet too bewildered to think with purpose and directness, and out of the chaos of her wrecked life to call form and harmonious action.

But the words of Mrs. Graydon helped her. They pictured so clearly what she ought to avoid—a helpless leaning upon others—that they gave at once greater definiteness to her thoughts and plans.

Three months from that date Mrs. Lambert had left the home of her relative whose doors had been opened to receive her in the early days of bereavement, and where in the overflow of sympathy and kindness she had been made warmly welcome; and, established in a very humble little place of her own, she had commenced the unknown struggle of life.

She was a good musician, and ingenious in a thousand small lady-like accomplishments which serve to beautify homes; and she hoped by the aid of these accomplishments to provide for such simple wants as she found to be absolutely necessary.

Nor was she mistaken. Her sorrows had been the means of awakening much interest in her lonely fortunes.

Friends arose in the most unexpected quarters. As soon as it was known that she was ready to help herself no hand was withheld from aiding her, and the fact that she had borne prosperity with meekness was now, in her adversity, often quoted in her favour.

After a time her mind recovered its balance, and out of the wreck of her life she began to gather up some floating waifs of the old happiness. She sang sometimes in her lonely hours, and the pencil that drew such beautiful sketches and designs would often be diverted to another purpose.

In a certain drawer of her escritoire had long lain a collection which she named her "scribblings," and thought valueless.

It had additions in these days, which, coming by chance to the eyes of some of her new-found friends, found their way to print.

She was perhaps of all her friends most astonished at her success.

It might have been that something of her sad story became generally known, and added to the interest which hung round her works; but that as it may, they were everywhere enthusiastically received. The sales were large, and the income which accrued from them proportionate.

She had sought such investments as her friends advised, and her accumulations began to entitle her to the epithet of a lady of fortune. But for the one regret she would have called herself a happy woman.

But a constitution and brain weakened by disease forbade.

A hard and bitter struggle, harder by far than even her earliest efforts at self-support, awaited her. Much had been lost during her long absence.

Some part of the hoarded sum, carefully preserved for her future old age; one trusted, but unworthy, had deprived her of yet more, and there was another drain upon her decreasing means of which she had spoken to no one—a secret hidden with a thousand silent memories of the past in her own heart.

But there were yet bitterer drops in her life-draught, and she must drain it to the dregs.

During her sojourn she had encountered the man who had worked all the woe of her once happy life. Fallen, fallen, a leering, shameless drunkard, that sweet pity which led her to proffer help to all who needed it had brought her to the bedside and to the sad recognition.

He was as lost to shame as a fallen and hardened wretch often becomes, and did not hesitate to advance the most inordinate demands. It was the secret of the sums continually advanced to him which she had kept in such stern silence.

Now, suddenly, amidst her sorrowful struggles, he once more appeared before her. He had enlisted in the army not long after he met her, it may be not understanding, in the bemuddled condition of his faculties, that he would be detained.

And now, impatient of restraint, he had deserted, and his liberty was imperilled by the step. His application was for money to enable him to leave the country—a sum so large that it might well be said to impoverish her.

But so great was her fear of his discovery, so anxious was she to preserve from all the secret she had so long kept, that she hesitated not, only stipulating to give the money to him on shipboard, and thus make sure that the country and her life should be no longer cursed by him.

She gave, and standing upon the deck of the tug that conveyed her to the shore, she had the satisfaction of seeing him sail outward bound, and of believing that he had looked his last upon his native land. And then she returned home to face the poverty that had fallen upon her.

She ascended to her chamber, entered and closed the door, and fell upon her bed. She did not rise from it for many weeks.

Her illness seemed unto death, and showed that the disease which had prostrated her still lurked uncurbed in her system. At last she struggled back to life, still more enfeebled than before.

She had been so long self-supporting that her friends had lost the habit of thinking of her as needing aid, or of looking after her wants.

She rose from her bed of pain to find herself re-

duced to utter poverty. For a little time, until strength should return, she was forced to ask the once, nay often proffered hospitality of her friends.

They assented with apparent, perhaps real cheerfulness, and it was not until they found to what straits she had been reduced that their smiles grew cold, and their hospitality evidently forced.

Still preserving her sad secret, perhaps it was the mystery of her losses that puzzled them. Where she had been defrauded they pitied her for the loss. The rest they deemed had been recklessly sacrificed in her Quixotic mission.

Blame overcame pity. While she was prosperous, well, and adding daily to her gains, they had been proud of her. Now that she was poor, and for the time, perhaps for all her life, helpless—now that the prestige of her authorship was declining, she was felt as a burden, and cold looks and colder words made the feeling but too plain.

Mrs. Lambert was too sensitive not to see and feel this at once.

At first she was too ill to move, and as she lay long hours alone, and neglected, in the room now so seldom visited by her once sympathizing and tender friends, she had ample time for thought and reflection, that were for the most part very sad and mournful.

She recalled, for the first time in years, the advice of Mrs. Graydon, and the words of experience which had enforced it, and she too fully realized its truth.

The lady was still living, but at an age so advanced that in her feebleness she seldom passed beyond her own roof.

Mrs. Lambert resolved, on the first opportunity, to visit her, and confide to her her story and the confirmation it gave to the words of wisdom that once fell from her lips.

She was now convalescent, and the impatience with which her friends regarded her stay was each day more and more apparent.

She resolved, at the earliest possible moment, to quit their roof. She was but hurried in the execution of this resolve on being informed one day that the room she occupied was needed for other use—other company, or something of the kind.

"You are now recovering," said Mrs. Graydon, as she sat holding the hand of the weeping woman by her side, "and do not allow yourself to be too much afflicted by this seeming unkindness. You will soon be able to provide again for your wants. If you cannot write, you can again teach—music, if your other accomplishments are left behind in the race of fashion. Do anything rather than be dependent. I can only reiterate what I before said. The hardest poverty is preferable to the most luxurious dependence. But if you must be dependent, always accept the needful aid, if possible, from strangers, rather than those of your own blood. The obligation will on both sides be felt to be less, and you will be less unhappy in receiving it."

Mrs. Lambert has not again forgotten this important advice. She has known great poverty, and has suffered much. But "Heaven helps those who help themselves," and she has once more struggled into the light and ease of comparative competence.

She has friends, not of her own blood, but near of kin in spirit, who are her human brothers and sisters, and never again will she accept the grudging aid of those who would have crushed her beneath the weight of a mighty obligation conferred by the help which all good Christians owe to the suffering.

M. C. V.

NOVEL PEDESTRIANISM.—A singular feat of pedestrianism was performed recently by Mr. Hemmings, a medical student, who undertook, for a wager of £10, to run four times round the outside railings of St. Clement's Church, in the Strand, during the time the church clock struck the hour of twelve, and timed the usual "Lass o' Gowrie." At the first stroke of the bell he commenced his task at a brisk pace, and increased the speed, finally accomplishing the feat before the clock had concluded, and won the stakes. The distance round the railings is 170 yards, and the four laps made the distance actually travelled over one-third of a mile. The church clock occupied three minutes' time in striking the hour and completing the subsequent chimings, and the pedestrian had nearly twenty seconds to spare when he finished the race.

THE PREVENTION OF EXPLOSIONS IN MINES.—It is well known that if there be a moderate escape of ordinary gas in a room, no explosion takes place if a light be kept burning there; but that, on the other hand, an explosion ensues if a light be suddenly introduced into a room which has become charged with gas, and in which no light has been burning. It has been suggested that this principle might be made use of to prevent explosions in mines, where the accumulation of gas, more rapidly perhaps at one time than

another, is always more or less gradual and never instantaneous. A gas-work might be erected, with a draught chimney running up a shaft to the surface, the lights always burning in the deepest parts so as to create an upward draught, and at the same time consume the gas which would otherwise collect. Such an arrangement can only be one part of the plan of preventive measures, though certainly a valuable one in connection with, and as an aid to, the all-important matter of free ventilation. In some mines the expense of candles is enormous, and gas would be a much more economical mode of lighting.

PRICES OF MEAT IN SUSSEX A HUNDRED AND TEN YEARS AGO.

SIR,—Now that everyone is complaining of the prices of meat, and the cost of the dinner is often the topic even at the dinner-table, it may be interesting to your readers to have the opportunity of comparing prices by means of a genuine butcher's bill over one hundred years old. With a copy of this I have been favoured by an old and respected inhabitant of Brighton; but the bill itself was that of the Wadhurst butcher of the period, whose name does not appear on the document. I give it in all its quaintness—an exact copy, premising that James Baldwin was the customer charged with the items in "his bill."

JAMES BALDWIN, HIS BILL.

	s.	d.
1756		
June ye 23, for 3 of Veal	0	9
July ye 26, for 3½ of Lamb	1	0
Aug. ye 3, for 3 of Lamb	0	10
" ye 25, for a leg of Lamb, 5½	1	6
Sept. ye 6, for b of Lamb	0	3½
" ye 10, for a leg of Lamb, 5½	1	7
" ye 24, for 6½ of Beef	1	7
" ye 27, for a b½ of Lamb	0	5
" ye 29, for Suet	0	2
Oct. ye 2, for a leg of Lamb, 6	1	9
" ye 10, for 2 of Lamb	0	6
" ye 15, for 7 of Beef	1	9
" ye 29, for a qr. of Mutt., 11	2	9
Nov. ye 17, for 2 of Mutt.	0	6
Dec. ye 10, for 9½ of Beef	2	4
Jan. ye 3, for a neck of Mutt., 5	1	3
1757		
March ye 11, for a loyn of Veal, 9½	2	9
May ye 13, for 4 of Veal	1	2
June ye 11, for a fillet of Veal, 7½	2	5
July ye 23, for a leg of Lamb, 5½	1	6
Aug. ye 6, for a leg of Lamb, 8	2	4
" ye 20, for a leg of Lamb, 5	1	5
Sept. ye 22, for 7 of Veal	2	0
	£1	12 6

There is the sum total for more than one year's meat! And even this in all probability was disputed, for the bill bears no receipt, and its preservation is perhaps due to its having become the subject of litigation. This, however, is only conjecture. It will be seen that 8d. per lb. was about the average price for beef and mutton; 3½d. for lamb and veal, in that favoured period. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela, with a vengeance.*—Yours, W. S.

THE POTATO AND ITS PARASITES.—It is stated that the microscope reveals to us the existence of a small black spot, of the diameter of a pin's head, in the potato. In this small space can be detected some 200 ferocious animals of a coleopteric form, which bite and tear each other with continued fury. It is easy to comprehend the potato disease when such an intestine warfare is raging.

A NEW CROWN.—The Queen of the Belgians has not hitherto possessed a crown, and her Majesty's jeweller was lately commissioned to make one. It is an incredibly elaborate work of art, composed of 40 pearls, 20 being pear-shaped and of enormous size, 40 large brilliants, and nearly 5,000 small ones, the whole set in gold, and wrought in open-work. This crown resembles a coronal of flames, simple in form, but of unmatched elegance. It weighs less than 250 grammes (half a pound).

The secretary of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire reports that the number of calls to fires received have been 824, of which 111 were chimneys on fire, 103 false alarms, and 610 fire. The society have 85 fire-escape stations, each one attended throughout the night by a conductor, and which extend from Holloway to Clapham, north and south, and from Bow to Kensington, east and west. The entire force of the society numbers 100 strong—viz., 89 conductors, six supernumeraries, and five inspectors. Forty-eight persons have been rescued during the year from fire, and 41 from suffocation.

A RACY GENERAL ORDER.—A correspondent of an Indian paper states that the following order was re-

cently issued by an officer in command of a large military station:—"At a funeral party this morning the 'men' of the firing party were in white clothing, and the officer in cloth. If it was, therefore, not too cold for the former to be dressed as they were, there was no reason why the officer should, as he did, take it upon himself to appear differently. But this was not the worst; the men of the party marched to the hospital like 'soldiers,' the officer, like a 'lazy native,' suffered himself to be carried in a palkee behind his men. He got out at the hospital gate, and went with the rest of the party to the grave on foot, but with the inevitable palkee following close behind him, no doubt for the purpose of bringing him back, as he was seen re-entering in the same unsoldierly manner in which he had left it, his men on this occasion marching behind him. The Brigadier-General commanding does not wish to inquire for the name of this officer, and he is glad he did not see him near enough to distinguish who he was, or he should publish it in this order. He desires, however, to inform him that this slovenly, discreditable manner of doing his duty will not be tolerated. If a 'young man' cannot, on a cool, almost bracing morning, or under any circumstances, when the men have to do it, manage to walk a couple of miles or thereabouts, he has mistaken his profession, and had better put himself under the charge of an 'ayah.'"

MARION.

CHAPTER XI.

When we have hoped, sought, striven,
Lost our aim; then the truth found us
Gleaming out of our darkness,
Like a white brow
Mid its overshadowing hair.

Pastus.

I HAVE said in the previous chapter that the Romish fathers had left no stone unturned to bring the young heretic to embrace their faith, and, besides, Adrienne had brought every art into play to win a return of her own love.

Marion regarded her as a sincere friend, but he did not at first dream of her love, and when the knowledge was communicated to him it thrilled him with keen pain and regret.

One evening, as they sat in the light of the perfumed lamp, poring over the pages of a missal, with the amethysts, carbuncles and rubies with which the clasp was enriched flashing out a meteoric splendour, they heard rapid footsteps in the arched gallery leading to the room.

"That is my father's step!" exclaimed the girl, with well-acted alarm—"Oh! François, François, fly, fly!"

"No, no!" cried a voice, which had been only too familiar to the poor castaway, and the next instant the door was flung open and the pirate chief stalked in.

Adrienne flung herself at his feet, murmuring: "Forgive me, *mon père*—I could not obey your orders, could not leave François to die in that dungeon among the rocks of Los Frailes."

"Child," exclaimed her father, laying his hand upon her head with a gentleness which astonished Marion, though it was only an admirable piece of acting—"I know your offence, and that my prisoner owes his freedom to you and your confessor, Father Anselmo, but," and his manner grew still more grave, "during my illness my heart has softened towards François Marion, and I should have set him at liberty had I not learned that you were in advance of me, Adrienne. I hope now the rose will come back to your cheek, and the old sparkle to your eye, for I did not like such a change in the dearest earthly treasure I possess."

Adrienne blushed as she replied:

"To be frank, his imprisonment has been no less painful to me than the terrible revelation which threw me into a fever, but of that I will not speak now. Shake hands with François, my dear father—for you are dear in spite of the dark past—and I shall believe you are reconciled."

Roget acceded to her request, and when she had retired to her pillow to rejoice over the success of her schemes he held a long and confidential interview with the young castaway.

He spoke of his daughter's absorbing love for him, her appeals in his behalf, her anguish at his protracted incarceration in the cave of Los Frailes; he dilated on the interest which Father Anselmo and the monks of the monastery had evinced, and the repeated efforts of the confessor to shake his purpose. To all this François Marion lent an attentive ear, and at length Roget said:

"Marry my daughter, make her happy, and you shall not only have my best wishes, but perhaps you may lead me to reform."

"Captain Roget," rejoined the young man, "I

should rejoice at your reformation, but, believe me, I cannot accept your offer. I value Adrienne's friendship; she has been kind and sisterly, but I cannot return her love. Young as I am, my heart is bound up in a fair girl whom I have loved from my childhood. During my imprisonment my thoughts have often wandered to her, and I once wrote a letter, which I resolved to commit to your daughter, begging her to send it in some way to Marie Videau on the banks of the Santee, about the time of my removal to Los Frailes."

Basil Roget's heart was racked by a wild storm of rage and chagrin, for he had fancied, like Adrienne, that his regard for Marie might be only a youthful dream, which would pass away with the lapse of time and the constant companionship of the beautiful girl who had staked all her hopes of happiness on this wild throw, but he preserved his composure and simply said:

"For my child's sake I regret it, but mayhap time will work a change; Marie Videau may be lost to you, the wife of another, and then, my boy, you will turn to my little Adrienne."

With these words he left the room, and still fearing his vengeance, Francis Marion stole away to ask counsel of Father Anselmo, who had assured him that he might rely on his friendship.

As he stole warily along the corridor leading to Father Anselmo's cell he was astonished to hear the voice of Basil Roget, followed by a loud laugh. He had grown familiar with the windings of the corridor, and obeying an irresistible impulse, he became a listener to what was passing. His blood chilled in his veins as, from the talk which ensued, he gathered an account of the plot into which he had fallen.

It appeared that the confessor had sought a personal revenge in playing with the young man's heart like a foot-ball, luring him into the pale of the Romish Church, and he declared it to be his opinion the young castaway would be a firm Catholic in less than six months. He saw, too, from Roget's language, that Adrienne, whom he had supposed a true friend, had deceived him, not only in feigning to be overwhelmed by the knowledge of her father's guilt, but in fearing his rage on his return, for they had framed their plans and acted in concert to weave their toils around him.

"Ah!" he said, mentally, "the scales are falling from my eyes; I see through all their arts now, but what am I to do? How shall I escape? Heaven help, heaven pity me, a stranger in a strange land, and tempted by wicked men!"

He was about to rise and leave his hiding-place, lest he should be discovered, when a panel which he had leaped against heavily slid back, and he perceived a scene little in accordance with the holy calling of these devout monks.

On a table, whose fringed covering swept the floor, stood a costly basket, filled with bananas, pine-apples, sweet-lemons and ripe coconuts, with their juicy fruit gleaming white through the brown rind, which had just been cleft by the monks; then there were cold meats, tropical dishes, which had begun to grow familiar to Marion since his release, and the richest wines from France, Madeira and the vineyards of Tokay, with Roget's favourite cogniac, a stimulant that fired his eyes and nerved his arm.

The young man watched and listened a few moments, and then managed to effect his retreat without being observed.

When he emerged from the monastery he saw a muffled figure standing hard by, and as he appeared it hastily followed him.

"Why do you pursue me thus?" asked the young man, pausing, and glancing back at the stranger.

"Francis Marion, I seek your good. I am your friend, and I will prove it."

"Where have we met before?"

"On board La Reine du Mer. I am the third mate, and I was one of the number who at the captain's bidding threw you into the hold, but I am no longer his tool. I have sailed with him many a voyage, and he promised me promotion, but other men were promoted before me, and still I clung to him, hoping for better things. After this last voyage he grew selfish, and cheated me out of half my share of the gains, but it was an unlucky hour for him, Marion, I'll thwart him whenever I can. For a week I have been hovering around Cartago for purposes of my own, and they have played a precious game on you, messmate. Adrienne Roget rejected me, but when you were on board her vessel the men about the fore-castle used to laugh and jest at her love for you."

"And so did my companions, my old messmates, who were shipwrecked with me, but I denied it and declared the idea perfectly absurd. Time, however, has proved it true."

"Yes, and she has employed every art to entrap you, and Father Anselmo and the rest of the monks lent a helping hand. But what is your apparent freedom? A guard has always been posted not far

off, and to-night Roget stationed me as sentinel, and bade me keep watch, and prevent you from leaving this house."

"And you have not obeyed orders?"

"No. I will give you a liberty that shall be genuine, and not leave you to the tender mercies of Basil Roget. Follow me, and I will show you a place of safety."

"A thousand thanks!" cried Marion, and again commenced his journeyings.

His new friend had provided fleet steeds and disguises scarcely less skilful than those employed by Father Anselmo, and striking into the most unfrequented roads, they took their way to Punta Arenas. When they had gained the solitude of a dense forest Rompere said:

"While I was eavesdropping in the captain's house at Cartago I heard the name of Marie Videau, and I think, messmate, it was the memory of her that guarded your heart from Adrienne's wiles."

"I will not deny it, Rompere."

"Then I have a joyful surprise for you. Hark ye; since your imprisonment at Los Frailes another pirate ship, manned by a part of Roget's band, has dropped anchor off Punta Arenas, and what may be more interesting to you, they took during their last cruise a vessel christened La Caprice, commanded by one Pierre Blondeau, who had stirred up a mutiny among the crew, and had gained possession of the craft. La Caprice was a swift sailer, and they took her as a prize, but transferred Blondeau, the men who survived the desperate struggle, and a beautiful girl named Marie Videau, into the hold of the Queen of the Sea. There I met her when I was appointed jailer by the first mate, and gradually I learned the whole of her story."

"And how came Marie, sweet Marie Videau, to be thus at the mercy of pirates?"

"Listen, and you shall know." And he proceeded to relate the circumstances of her abduction, her weary sea voyages, and the interest which the villain's nephew, Paul Lyons, had manifested in her fate.

"Ah! mademoiselle," said I, "we had a young man in the hold of this vessel, and I believe his home was on the banks of the Santee."

"She started, and could hardly gain strength to gasp:

"What was his name?"

"Francis Marion."

"Then, messmate, she grew as pale as a ghost, and said:

"Tell me all you know of him."

"I accordingly told her how the Rover had been wrecked in a tornado in the Gulf of Mexico, how we had picked you up adrift with six messmates, and other particulars connected with your stay on board La Reine du Mer. I knew from her manner, when she said that you were an old playfellow, that there was something more than friendship between you, and I trust you will soon be reunited. I have one request to make, however—do not let any of the officers or crew suspect that I've turned traitor, for I have kept my own counsel, and as third mate can come and go at will."

Marion again poured forth his thanks, and, in the tropical evening, ere the moonrise had chased the soft shadows from the waters, a *piragua* rowed alongside the Queen of the Sea, and with the simple explanation that the prisoner was to be removed from Los Frailes to the vessel, Rompere gained the deck with the young castaway.

He was remanded back to the hold in custody of the mate, and there, in the light shed by the dim lamp, he again stood face to face with Marie Videau.

"Marie, dear, dear Marie!"

"Francis, oh, Francis!" were the only words interchanged in that joyful moment, and then the youth folded poor Marie convulsively to his heart.

Hours later, in the solemn hush of midnight, a window which had admitted air and a few gleams of light to the dismal hold, was cautiously raised, and two figures, clad as Spanish sailors, leaped into a boat, that was rapidly rowed to a Spanish ship.

CHAPTER XII.

I looked across the hollow; sunbeams shone
Upon the old house with the gable ends:
Save that the laurel trees are taller grown,
No change methought to its gray walls extends.

On gaining the deck of the Spanish vessel Rompere advanced to the captain, who had not retired, but was awaiting their arrival.

"These are the persons I spoke to you about," he said, gravely—"Francis Marion and Marie Videau, and this," he added, to the young fugitives, "this is Raulito Vandez, commander of the ship Esperanza. You can trust him fully, for he is a noble man, and differs as widely from Basil Roget as the tropics from the poles. Before I had yielded to the temptations held out by a pirate chief Vandez' vessel

used to put in at the port of Guadaloupe, where I dwelt in my youth, my father having emigrated from France to build up his ruined fortune there. I once did him a slight service, which he gratefully remembered, and for that reason I did not fear to ask a favour at his hands."

A brief consultation ensued, and then the captain led Marie into the ladies' cabin, where his wife gave her a cordial welcome.

She had buried their only daughter during their stay at Costa Rica, and her desolate heart at once warmed to sweet Marie Videau.

She arrayed her girlish figure in garments belonging to the lost girl, and when the vessel anchored in the harbour she most reluctantly gave up her young charge.

Disembarking there in the town, which had grown somewhat familiar to Marion from frequent visits, and having been the place where he shipped on board the Rover, they were fortunate enough to find a neighbour who was delighted to have the pleasure of conveying them home.

The sun hung low in the West, and its dying light struck across the quaint window and numerous gables of Jean Videau's cottage, when a little cavalcade passed in the pleasant garden, which had been somewhat neglected since that great grief had settled upon the family.

Springing from his horse, young Marion assisted the girl to alight, and led her along the narrow path. It will be remembered that in those primitive days, and especially among the Huguenot settlers, late dinners and ten-o'clock suppers were not in vogue, and the family were at tea, when the door was opened, and the young man entered, leading Marie.

The captain of the Esperanza had treated him with great kindness, and he had regained his health, and Marie had never looked so lovely as in the picturesque Spanish costume she wore, with her golden hair gleaming through the black lace mantilla drawn over her head, while the light that danced and revelled in her sunny eyes, the bloom on her round cheek, and the smile that parted her ripe lips, bespoke the happy young heart within.

"Oh, mother!" cried little Henri, who had been the first to perceive them, "here comes our lost Marie and Francis Marion. She is not dead, and he isn't shut up in a monastery with wicked old monks, as some bad priest declared he was," and he sprang from his seat and flew towards them, laughing and clapping his chubby hands in boyish glee.

The rest of the group glanced round and saw the confirmation of the lad's words.

There are some scenes to which no language of ours, no painter or poet could do justice, and this was one of these.

The surprise and joy which shot through the household, like a sudden gleam of sunshine after a storm, may be better imagined than described, but the good Huguenots did not forget to return immediate thanks to heaven, and when the whole family started for the home of Francis Marion the neighbour who had brought them from Charleston stopped at every house to tell the glad tidings, and the little community was soon all astir.

As they had sympathized in the sorrow of their neighbours, they now rejoiced in their joy, and ere midnight the house was crowded with delighted guests.

On the Sabbath following the pastor of the little German church on the banks of the Santee returned public thanks to heaven for its great mercy in the restoration of two of the members of his flock, and in his sermon detailed with touching eloquence the trials to which the young girl had been subjected, and Francis Marion's sturdy resistance of the temptations held out by the bold pirate chief and the wily Jesuits.

The calm which now settled over the Huguenot community remained unbroken until the daring incursions of the Cherokees sent a thrill of horror through every heart. Mothers trembled for their children, and the little ones scarcely dared venture forth, lest they should see a plumed and painted Indian skulking by the wayside or amid the golden grain, while the young men girded on the sword and joined the ranks of the army.

Among these was Francis Marion, his first military services having begun in the war against the Cherokees.

For a time terrible scenes were enacted on both sides; many a gallant soldier fell a victim to Indian revenge, many a pleasant home was left in ashes, and, on the other hand, when the Cherokees dispatched chiefs to make peace, Littleton had detained them, and marched into their country, and afterwards murdered the warriors whom he had held as hostages.

In the second campaign Marion served as a lieutenant in a regiment of provincial volunteers under Captain William Meultrie.

Provided with presents for the Indian allies was

over to their cause, they commenced their march, and when near Etchoe an Indian scout reported that a formidable body of Cherokees already reoccupied a hill on the right flank of the army.

Under this height lay the line of march, which it was necessary for the troops to pursue in their advance, and there the men would be exposed to a murderous fire from the enemy, concealed by the rocks and trees on each side, which rendered this pass of Etchoe the most dangerous defile in the whole Indian country.

It was their Thermopylae, and it therefore became a matter of necessity to dislodge them before the army could proceed.

For this important but most perilous service, which could only have been intrusted to an officer of known ability and undoubted courage, Marion had the honour to be placed at the head of a forlorn hope of thirty men.

On entering the pass the wild war-whoop was heard echoed out upon the passing breeze, and a sheet of fire from savage rifles lit up the dim old forest with appalling splendour.

Twenty-one of his brave band fell, but the young lieutenant was uninjured, and the rapid advance of another detachment saved the survivors, who now united with their comrades.

The battle soon became general; the regulars remained in order, and sent a storm of shot into the woods, bringing down the savages as they appeared on either side of the pass, and at length resorted to the bayonet, and drove the red men from the field.

More than a hundred warriors were slain at the pass of Etchoe, and then the conquerors set fire to the wigwams, laid waste fields of tasselled corn, and built their camp-fires in the wildly beautiful Cherokee hunting-grounds.

Such were the first laurels Francis Marion won on the battle-field, and our sketch of his life would not be complete if we failed to narrate how bravely he led the forlorn hope at the pass of Etchoe.

But it appears that this devastation of their lands did not meet his approval, and his own language assures us that, as Adrienne Roget had once said to her father, he combined bravery and spirit with the tenderness of a woman:

"I saw," he said, "everywhere around the foot-steps of the little children where they had lately played under the shade of the rustling corn. No doubt they had often looked up with joy to the swelling shocks, and been gladdened when they thought of their abundant food for the coming winter. When we are gone, thought I, they will return, and peeping through the weeds with tearful eyes, will mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes and the happy fields where they have so often played."

"Who did this?" they will ask their mothers.

"The white people did it," the mothers will reply—"the Christians."

After the army had disbanded Marion returned to his home, and was warmly welcomed by the neighbouring planters. He had long been betrothed to Marie Videau, but he had declared he would not link her destiny with his while the war lasted.

Many changes had occurred in the Huguenot settlement in the lapse of those years, and especially in Jean Videau's household. The eldest son had enlisted with the provincial volunteers, and had fallen a victim to Indian hostility in the first campaign against the Cherokees; his parents had both died suddenly, passing away to that land where "no grief makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red;" two sisters had married and settled in a distant colony, and only two brothers and Marie were left in the old homestead. When she sprang to meet Marion on his return he marked the mournful expression of her face, and exclaimed:

"Ah, Marie, you have been too much alone in these troublous war-times, but the army is disbanded, the Cherokees are subdued, and I can return to my home. There I must soon take you, and your brothers must get another housekeeper. Dear, dear Marie, in four weeks you must be mine, and now all our old dreams shall be realized."

A sudden blush surged over the girl's face, and tears, not of grief, but of joy, gushed into her soft blue eyes.

Marion drew her into a nook, and when they had discussed their plans she said:

"Who do you think has been here of late?"

"And who was it, dearest Marie?"

"You remember Paul Lyons, whom you once saw in the dismal hold of that pirate ship, when we were both taken prisoners, and transferred from La Caprice to the Queen of the Sea?"

"Yes, love; but how happened he to be in this neighbourhood?"

The girl hesitated an instant, confused by Marion's glance, and her eyelids drooped after the old, shy fashion which had charmed him so much in youth.

"I see," he replied, playfully; "he has found it

impossible to forget you, and has followed you across the seas to your rural home on the Santee."

"'Tis true he talked some such nonsense," rejoined Marie, "and begged to know, as he found me still unmarried, if my answer yet clung to you."

"And your answer?"

"Perhaps it will not be best to repeat it, lest you should be too much flattered by my reply. But his presence brought back all the past with painful vividness, and I lived over everything which occurred after my capture."

"And how long did he remain, and where, pray, did he take up his quarters, for he had no other acquaintance in the settlement?"

"You forget that an inn has been opened here since the war broke out, where travellers may obtain a night's lodging and frugal fare."

"Is he here now?"

"No, he has gone; he is to sail for Havre."

The subject was now dismissed for a more pleasant one, and for hours he lingered at Marie's side, speaking of the improvements he should make, and various other matters more immediately connected with the wedding. Even the day was fixed, and preparations went briskly forward in both families. Either Marion came to lend a helping hand to the young bride-elect, and quiltings, and other diversions of that period, restored something of its former cheerfulness to Jean Videau's picturesque dwelling.

At length Francis Marion set off to procure a bridal gift for Marie, and his own wedding-clothes, and as he had a considerable distance to travel, he told Marie not to expect him for a week, but to have everything in readiness for their marriage the day of his return, as he should expect the rites to be solemnized that day.

The morning of his departure Marie had exhibited with girlish blushes her white muslin robe, and the delicate blue silk skirt from which it was to be looped up with knots of snowy ribbon, the slender gold necklace, and ear-rings, which had been her mother's, and the soft silk gloves, and brocade slippers, dainty enough to have fitted Cinderella. But when he had been absent a few days her heart throbbled painfully and slow, and her face grew white and statuesque with the new sorrow which was again chilling the blood in her veins.

The third day after he had started on his journey Marie Videau sent Esther Marion home on some pretext, and going up to her room, closed the door, and unhooking a heavy chest of cedar, proceeded to place within it her bridal costume, with the plum-coloured pelisse, the hat and veil she was to have worn to church the following Sabbath; then she cast a long shuddering gaze scarcely less mournful than that which had rested on her loved ones, as they lay dead before her, and closed the chest, as she thought, for ever.

For a time she paced the floor as if endeavouring to gain strength for some painful task, but finally opened the door and called her brothers.

With a firmness of which she could not have believed herself capable, she told them her story, and after due discussion they acceded to her wishes.

When Francis Marion returned what was his surprise to find the house where he had left his betrothed bride vacant, and lettered on a rude placard, which had been nailed to the wall, the dismal phrase, "For Sale!"

Marion was a brave man, as we have seen, but this blow struck upon him like a sudden peal of thunder. What could it mean, and where was Marie?

"Paul Lyons has been in the vicinity, and perhaps he might now be vile enough to assist in a second abduction."

This and a thousand other thoughts whirled through his brain, and at length he stepped into the tap-room of the inn, and began to make inquiries.

"They've gone, every soul of them," said Boniface, "but Marie left a letter for you," and he thrust the missive into his hand.

The lover took it, and read as follows:

"LIEUTENANT MARION.—Once more I am leaving the Huguenot settlement, and I doubt not my absence will arouse many a rumour as to my fate, but, believe me, I go voluntarily. You and the rest of the community will soon forget MARIE VIDEOU."

In his wild anguish Francis Marion was too much shocked to attempt to conceal his emotion, and reading it aloud to the host, he exclaimed:

"Could Marie be in her right mind, and write that? No, no, she must have gone mad, and I will search for her to the world's end!"

"Lieutenant Marion," said the landlord, "I fear it is true."

"True, what do you mean, sir?"

"Perhaps it is my duty to tell you that just before you left the army a handsome man, who called himself Paul Lyons, and spent money as if he had the Bank of England under his control, took lodgings here a month at least, and spent a great deal of his time with

Marie. There was a considerable talk about it among the neighbours then, but when you got back they hoped everything would be well."

Marion recalled Marie's account of his visit, and her confused manner when his name was mentioned, and he had made inquiries with regard to him, and when the rest of the old neighbours confirmed his suspicions, declaring how they had feared he would prove a dangerous rival to the absent lover, he resolved as men of his temperament do, never again to put any faith in woman.

On reaching home he ascended the staircase, and kindling a fire on the hearth-stone, consigned to the flames every memorial of Marie Videau.

CHAPTER XIII.

As hath been oft before,
With youth, I sought, but I could never find
Work hard enough to quiet my self-strife,
And use the strength of action-saving life.

Years rolled on, bringing the important epoch of the Revolution, and of the first Provincial Congress Francis Marion was elected a member from St. Johns, Berkeley county.

History assures us their acts were all of a bold and decisive character.

They adopted the Bill of Rights, declared by the Continental Congress, the Act of Association, recommended by the same body, by which the subscribers bound themselves to prevent the importation of British goods, and to hold no intercourse with colonies or provinces who did not accede to these terms. Everything now wore a stormy aspect, and according to Moultrie the militia were forming themselves into volunteer uniform companies, drums were beating, fife-playing, squads of men exercising on the outskirts of the town.

In the midst of this general excitement war was declared by the British troops firing upon the troops at Lexington, and on receiving the tidings the Committee of Safety summoned the Provincial Congress to assemble on the first day of June.

Desperate as the cause seemed, to engage in a war with a powerful nation, rich in "fleets, commanded by able officers, and with large armies and generals of distinction," it was resolved that an army should be raised, and in the second regiment, with the gallant Moultrie at its head, Francis Marion served as captain.

In the first act of hostility Marion had an active part, and was soon promoted to the rank of major.

At length came the memorable siege of the Palmetto Fort, which has since borne the name of the Gallant Moultrie, and the second regiment, to which Marion was attached, was particularly distinguished by the praises of the people and the compliments of Governor Rutledge; to crown them with still greener laurels, two rich standards were presented by the ladies of Charleston, when Mrs. Elliot made the following graceful and pertinent address:

"Gentlemen soldiers,—Your gallant behaviour in defence of your country entitles you to the highest honours. Accept these two standards as the reward justly due to your regiment, and I have not the least doubt but that, under heaven's protection, you will stand by them as long as they can wave in the air of liberty."

Moultrie was now raised to the rank of brigadier-general, and Marion to that of lieutenant-colonel.

On the day when the colours were presented Charleston wore a picturesque festive aspect, and among the ladies gathered on the occasion our hero caught a glimpse of a face which recalled a host of painful memories, and yet some men who would have been flattered, could they have aroused an interest in one so beautiful and charming as she had been when he first saw her on board La Reine du Mer.

That face appeared for a few moments at an upper window of an elegant mansion, and as he cast a second glance he perceived that her eyes followed him, and he instantly withdrew his own.

The regiment was soon in motion, but in the stirring events he sometimes recalled the dark, beautiful face at the window. When the general had left Savannah he left Marion in command of the troops, and in February he was ordered to Bacon's Bridge, on Ashley river, as danger now threatened Charleston. Sir Henry Clinton, commander-in-chief, had resolved to begin operations on a large scale in the Southern colonies, and having obtained a reinforcement from England, withdrew the troops which had been stationed in Rhode Island, and sailed with an army of five thousand men for Savannah. Late in February Sir Henry's army landed on St. John's Island, and Marion, one day, was invited to a dinner-party given by a citizen.

Marion accepted the invitation; but some military duty detained him, and it was late when he entered the dining-hall, with its dark, rich carpet, its voluminous curtains, its quaintly carved cornices and door-



[MARION REFUSES TO MARRY THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER.]

Posts, its lustrous panelling, and the exquisite fruit-pieces on the walls, so natural that a wild bird might be tempted to cleave the luscious pears, cherries and apricots with his glossy beak. A bright fire burned on the marble hearth, and its red glow and the brilliant light of the candelabra shone over the solid mahogany side-board, the tables with their carved feet, the high-backed chairs and their occupants, as well as the costly porcelain, glass and silver, and the rich viands of that sumptuous banquet.

As Marion took his seat his keen eye swept over the group of ladies with their brocades and heavy velvets, their jewels and their powdered heads.

But who was that brilliant creature sitting directly opposite him and apparently lending a most courteous attention to the gentleman who led her out—a brother of the host? Ah! it was Adrienne; he could not mistake.

That was the same face which he had seen peering over the gunwale when Captain Roget took those castaways on board the *Queen of the Sea*, and which had gazed at him a few moments during the memorable presentation of colours to his regiment.

It is true, she had changed; her figure was taller and more symmetrical, as he saw when she arose with the rest of the company at his entrance.

Her cheek wore a rich bloom, her lips were more dewy and expressive, and the old dancing eyes had a more earnest, but a more dangerous look.

Her dress was unique and tasteful; she wore a robe of amber velvet made with extreme simplicity, a black lace scarf was flung carelessly around her, and her heavy ebony tresses were entirely without powder and unornamented save by the single diamond which burned above her brow like a lone star.

"I believe," said the host as Marion appeared, "you are acquainted with all the guests except Miss Ravenal;" and he proceeded to present Marion to Adrienne.

The colonel bowed, Miss Ravenal did the same, and the whole party resumed their seats; but her sudden blush told him how well she remembered the scenes described in previous chapters of our story.

The name of Camille Ravenal had been for some time familiar, as his brother officers and the soldiers around their camp-fire had talked eloquently of the beautiful stranger who had come from France to make herself a home with her uncle, then a leading citizen of Charleston; but he had not dreamed Adrienne Roget and she were one.

Furtively he watched her, and though the old pre-

judices rose to shut his heart against her, he could not but admire the perfect ease and polish of her manner.

She was now a thorough woman of the world, and he had too nice a sense of honour to reveal what would have loaded her with disgrace.

When the ladies retired to the drawing-room Marion felt a sense of relief; for during dinner it was only by a strong effort he could fix his thoughts on the conversation; and with the temperate habits with which our readers will recollect we have before represented him, he was much perplexed and annoyed beyond measure at the scene which ensued.

The host's wine-cellar was celebrated for its rare and costly wines, and having locked the door of the dining-hall to prevent the guests from retiring till a late hour, he fancied that even Marion was secure; who seeing that the banquet was fast degenerating into a Bacchanalian revel, sprang to the window, flung it open, and, in spite of an attempted resistance on the part of his companions, leaped to the ground.

The dining-hall being on the second floor, this daring act was attended with serious consequences, and the lameness it produced forced the gallant officer to retire to his plantation on St. John's Island, whither he was carried on a litter.

Here he was compelled to remain inactive, receiving from time to time intelligence of the disastrous progress of events, which thrilled him with rage.

Soon after his retirement he received a letter superscribed in a delicate female hand, which proved to be from Camille Ravenal, *alias* Adrienne Roget.

The missive was a nice piece of diplomacy, and alluded to their meeting at the dinner-party, which, to her regret, had ended so unpleasantly; declared that her father was supposed to be dead, having never returned from his last voyage, and that she had come an orphan into the family of her uncle, who would never before acknowledge the relationship.

She told how kindly Mr. Ravenal had received her for her mother's sake, but shrunk with pride from having his friends know he had a kinsman who was a pirate chief, and required her to change her name, which, as she said, was linked with many painful memories, and begged him to keep her secret.

Her letter only served to render her character more distasteful to Marion, and bidding a boy bring his writing-materials, he wrote the following answer:

"MISS RAVENAL,—Your secret is safe with me.

"FRANCIS MARION."

After these events public affairs rendered it most

perilous for him to remain at St. John's, and he removed to the woods and swamps henceforth to be linked with his name.

For several months he entirely disappeared from the scene of action, but there organized his far-famed brigade consisting of four companies, commanded respectively by Captain William McCottry, Henry Mouzon, John James, and John McCauley.

Francis Marion, now promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, the hero who had so nobly resisted temptation in his youth, was now in the prime of his manhood, a master-spirit in the Revolutionary army. The loss of Marie had rendered him still more devoted to the life of a soldier, and of him General Henry Lee afterwards wrote:

"He was enthusiastically wedded to the cause of liberty, and deeply deplored the condition of his beloved country. The common weal was his sole object; nothing selfish, nothing mercenary soiled his ermine character. Fertile in stratagem, he struck unperceived; and retiring to those hidden retreats selected by himself in the marshes of the Pedee and Black rivers, he placed his corps not only out of the reach of the foe, but often out of the discovery of his friends. A rigid disciplinarian he reduced to practice the justice of his heart, and during the difficult course of warfare through which he passed calumny itself never charged him with violating the rights of person, property or humanity. He never rashly rushed into danger, neither did he shrink back when duty called him to action, while his equanimity of temper won the admiration of his friends and the respect of his foes. Plain in dress, sharing the hardest fare with his men, and constant in attendance on the duties of his station, he formed a strong contrast to the British officers, and set a good example to his followers."

The reach of country from Camden to the sea-shore became the theatre of those stirring events enacted by Marion's brigade—scenes that seem more like the dreams of a poet's brain than the sober facts of history. Their pursuit of the British and their Tory allies was vigorous and persevering.

Finally he made a stand at Benbow's Ferry, where the waters were swift and dangerous, while in the rear lay a Southern swamp, through which but three passages were practicable. There the brigade threw up a breastwork, and prepared to receive the English cavalry. Had Tarleton attempted to carry this position, he would have exposed his men to such sharp-shooting as he had never before experienced; but he thought it best to retreat.

(To be continued.)



[PAY ARDEN'S TROUBLE.]

ASPASIA.

CHAPTER I.

"WALS, dear, charming, glorious old principality, which gives, as did for centuries Dauphiny in France, the title to an empire's heir. How glorious and health-giving are thy mountains, lakes, rivers, and sea coast! How picturesque the costume of thy sturdy lasses and gallant men—gallant, for who fought better in the Crimean struggle than Welshmen? Who, being an Englishman, would not prefer to wander among thy mountains, through thy glades, and along thy shores to the Quixotic effort of climbing Mont Blanc? Land of the artist and poet, I love thee dearly!"

So thought, so soliloquized Albert Warner, schoolmaster of Hardwicke, as he made his way up the mountain path, for, in truth, it was always impossible for Albert to go straight on in any of his walks in this vicinity. He had come from a comparatively level country, a quiet town lying along a strip of calmly smiling sea, where the protected waves scarcely even in storms beat angrily; and he was never weary of admiring the grand majesty of these noble mountains. His school children, much as they stood in awe of his great wisdom and astonishing accomplishments, had spied out this little trait, and hailed it in their dim fashion as a proof of his claim to the weakness and silliness of common folks.

"See, the master stands there," whispered a keen-eyed little urchin to his playfellow, as they both peered out from their cosy covert in a hazel hedge and discovered the master standing there at the brow of the hill, his chestnut hair blowing in the wind, his fine dark eyes fixed in serious enjoyment on the romantic scene lying below him.

Field after field stretching downwards, a gorgeous mosaic of every shade of verdure, the farmhouses standing out in bold relief with their fresh white walls, their meandering fences wandering up and down, but not one hidden from sight.

Below, the clustering roofs and quaint bellry of the village, with here and there a diamond flash from the sparkling bed, where the river danced gaily down the sharply compressed valley; and above and around, all the silent chain of mountains girdling the horizon like a circle of waiting warriors.

"Well, it is something to live and breathe here, if I gain nothing beyond," said Albert Warner as he slowly withdrew and took a few steps forward.

And with these words his mood changed.

A restless, dissatisfied look furrowed the broad, clear forehead, shadowed the eyes, and drew down the firm, resolute lips.

He broke off a branch from the low bush beside him, and idly switched the unoffending heads of the snowy everlasting blossoms which lay in white drifts all along the roadside.

"But it is so mortifying to my pride to fail," he muttered, so fiercely that the two observant urchins, taking it for granted that he had espied them out in their latest piece of mischief, scrambled hastily through the rude fence near, and darted off at full speed. "I am so angry at my own blindness," continued the unobservant schoolmaster. "What ails me? No wonder the judge sneers covertly at my assumed acuteness and sagacity. I, who promised to fathom the mystery in a single month, and who now, at the second season of my school-keeping, am quite as blind as before. I can see that the judge has lost confidence in me. It is not without meaning, that allusion to Alicia's flirtation. So I may lose her favour, as well as her father's consent, if I do not bring this matter speedily to the desired end. The very thought is torture—Alicia, favouring another suitor, Alicia forgetting me! Oh, for the power to wrest this secret from whoever holds it so shrewdly. I am almost tempted to throw up my school and devote every moment, every thought to observation. But that would be the surest way to prevent success. My school-keeping is the only cloak under which I can work. The safe way is to continue on as the schoolmaster. I will not despair until I have made another trial."

The latter portion of this soliloquy had not been spoken aloud. The young man had been walking rapidly along the little plain on the summit of the hill, which as sharply descended on the other side. The school-house in which he taught the widely scattered children of a small district was nestled at the foot of a grove of magnificent firs on the easterly slope of the mountain, and he was obliged to diverge from the high road and take a narrow lane. To-day something impelled him to take a still shorter route; and placing one hand on the upper rail of the fence, he vaulted lightly over and went strolling through the cool shadows of the grove.

A sound of convulsive sobbing drew his attention to the rudely constructed house. Approaching the place unhesitatingly, the young man looked in, and started to behold what a lovely and touching picture the door-way framed for him.

A young girl, whose sweet face bore all the winsome charms of girlhood with the dawning grace of

womanhood, was sitting down in the old building, a well-worn book fallen from her lap, her bright brown curls dishevelled, her cheeks flushed crimson, her eyes wet with tears, and her little brown hands still trembling with the passion of her grief.

The noise of his approaching step startled her, and she sprang up and stood in the attitude of a hunted deer, with head thrown back proudly and defiantly, and impetuous feet poised for instant flight.

The outstretched hands fell slowly as she recognized his face.

The rose deepened to a burning glow, spreading from her cheek to her forehead.

The lids dropped hastily over the starry eyes, though not so quickly but two heavy beads slipped through the long lashes and splashed down over her hands.

"Oh, it is the schoolmaster! I thought it was Mrs. Flint," stammered she, and stood there the very embodiment of maiden grace and shyness.

He saw at once it required a cautious approach, and replied, in as indifferent a tone as he could command:

"I heard a voice, and did not know but that someone needed my help. Is there anything I can do for you? You seemed in some trouble. You know me, it seems, but I cannot imagine who you may be."

She had ventured to lift her eyes, and was slowly searching his partially averted face.

The quiet, matter-of-fact manner disarmed her timidity, and she answered, quite composedly:

"I am Pay Arden, and there is nothing you can do for me now, thank you."

The voice sank to a dreary wail, despite her best efforts.

His furtive glance saw that her bosom heaved and her eyes filled again. But he continued:

"I should be glad to be of service. You admit that I might have helped you once, but that it is too late now. Are you perfectly sure that it is too late?"

Her hand dashed off the tears from the eyes that were flashing indignantly now, and made bold by her passion she returned, hurriedly:

"Yes, it is too late, because she says so. Oh, that I might run away from her. And I meant to do just as much work; I would have worked half the night willingly if she had only said I might go half a day to school."

"To school?" ejaculated Albert Warner; "then it is an affair of mine, and I must investigate it. Who is it says you shall not go to school?"

"Mrs. Flint," answered the girl, hotly.

"And is she your mother?"

How the wet eyes flashed; and what queenly indignation arched the graceful neck!

"My mother! no, no. Thank heaven, she is nothing to me except a task mistress. My mother, indeed! She is Deacon Flint's wife, and they say I am their servant girl!"

There was intense pride and bitter humility mingling in the voice.

Albert Warner threw off his careless manner, crossed the threshold to her side, and took her hand.

"My child," he said, eagerly, "we will find a way to accomplish your desire. You have heard about Mahomet and the mountain. If you cannot go to the school the schoolmaster shall come to you."

She clasped her hands in sudden transition to childish glee, and cried out joyously:

"If you would, oh, sir, if you would be so good, it would give me all the happiness I ever had in the world."

"We will see about it; I am positive I shall be able to manage it."

"You are not happy at Mrs. Flint's," said the young schoolmaster, watching the shifting emotions on the candid face.

"Happy!"

There was a bitter mockery in the tone that brought a mist to the listener's eyes.

She saw his compassionate sympathy, and instantly added, with a brightened face:

"But I am young, and I mean to fight against adversity. Oh, I have a world of my own, and there are glorious things promised me. I thought this morning it was all a baseless vision, mocking my misery; but now you are going to help me; it is like putting the golden key into my hands. I mean to feel sure of its realisation."

She looked up into his face with those eloquent eyes and that innocent smile.

The schoolmaster felt his colour rise a little, though he spoke bravely like the true gentleman he was.

"We must have an eye to propriety as far as possible, considering we are neither of us gray headed."

Her dilating eyes showed her bewilderment.

"I don't think there will be any harm for you, sir. Everyone but the Flints will think it extremely good in you to help a poor, forlorn girl like me."

His forehead was crimsoned now.

Somewhat, in the face of her artless purity, it seemed a foolish and absurd thing for him to have imagined or suggested. But he tried to set himself right in her opinion.

"I was not thinking of myself. It does not matter about a man; he can shake off any aspersions with his own right hand, but for a young maiden like yourself, as you say, unprotected by natural guardians, one cannot be too circumspect. I hope you understand what I mean, just so much and no more."

She was silent a long time with drooping head. He was just about to beg her pardon as if he had deserved displeasure, when she lifted her face and held out her hand.

"I thank you. I am so unused to such considerate treatment that you must not wonder I have been lost. It proves to me that you are just and noble."

This ingenuous compliment was not lost upon Albert Warner. He had enough of the selfishness of his sex to seek a draught, having found the first taste delicious.

"What a shrewd little observer," said Albert, laughingly, and to hide a shade of embarrassment, he stooped to raise the discarded book.

"Why," exclaimed he, in profound astonishment, "it is a French grammar!"

Her musical peal of laughter was exhilarating.

"Did you suppose I wanted you to teach me my ABC? It is a French grammar, but a miserable old thing. That was what vexed me. See, you shall show me about this conjugation. I got so blinded I was quite in a rage. If we had had a teacher who could have helped me, before you came, I should have managed it somehow. But we never did. That is why I was so anxious to come to school to you. I knew you could show me all I so ardently desired to know."

"Do you know you are a very remarkable girl, Miss Pay?"

She coloured slightly.

"I am trying to fit myself to go out into the world and make my own way, when the iron fetter of this servitude is over. In another year I shall be of age, and then the Flints cannot hold me. I want to be as my mother was. She was a lady, sir. Oh, I can remember so well how musically the French talk came from her lips. She was in Paris, beautiful Paris, a whole year once in her life. My poor, poor mother! And yet she lies buried there."

She pointed towards the distant knoll, where, bleak and bare, could be seen the enclosed area with its dreary headstones gleaming out, and stood gazing at it with fixed, abstracted eyes; then she said slowly, in a deep, repressed voice:

"When I go out from this place I shall never come back but once. If ever I am rich and happy I shall come and take her away, that her remains may sleep in some place that she could have loved in life. Heaven only knows if that may be, but I live in the hope of it."

"I must hear your whole history some time," said Albert, bowing with a deferential air which gained him afterwards to define; there was such a strange blending in her character, such sweet, childlike innocence, and such grave, womanly dignity. "I shall find means to give you all the assistance in my power, never fear of that. But now I must go to open the school. Good-morning, Pay—that is a singular name, not your true one, I am sure."

"No, I should think not," replied she, something of indignation in the tone. "But I do not care. I chose to let them call me so. It is better for them to know me by that name in this place. It would sound absurd enough for Madame Flint's servant to be called Aspasie."

"Is that your true name? I am sure you will become the simple grandeur of meaning. Good-morning again. I shall bring you a better grammar than that."

He cast another glance at the eloquently expressive face and turned away.

"What wonderful eyes the girl has. I really have. Alicia's are scarcely finer."

CHAPTER II.

ALICIA'S eyes, thus apostrophized with all of a lover's fervour amid the romantic mountain scenes by the Hardwicke schoolmaster, were at that very moment lifted up to the mountain-top, aristocratic face of Theodore Doring, who was leading the fair daughter of Judge Burton to the head of the set to open the long-talked-of ball.

The house was a new and, for the time, costly structure, built in the most modern style, with an observatory crowning the flat roof, and piazza running around the lowest of the three storeys.

The broad, smooth lawn in front made a fine parade ground, and at the left of the house the white tents of the encamped militia stood out in picturesque relief against the velvety verdure of the turf.

The purple glow of sunset still beautified the place, when the music burst upon the air, stealing out through the open window to delight, with its witching spell, and call out the rhythmic motion of numberless airy feet.

"Ah," said Colonel Montford, as his horse pricked up his ears and curvetted in response to the music, "now is the ball opened indeed, and our friend's fine new mansion dedicated to merriment."

"Why are you absent from your place, colonel?" asked his companion, Adjutant Wayne. "It should be your right to open the ball."

"Tush, man; I have got barely past that. I was ready to waive my right. Do you know I am promised a fine pair of colours in return for the favour?"

"He was in earnest, wasn't he?"

"I suspect the right to claim my fair friend the judge's daughter for his partner had more weight than the honour of the position. I promised Miss Alicia she should lead off the contra dance, and he knew if I retired he could be certain of her acquiescence. Now let us go in and enjoy the scene."

Theodore Doring, the gentleman, was in quite an ecstasy of gratified vanity and satisfaction, and when the colonel entered the hall was just leading his fair partner to a seat.

He was by no means an ill-looking man, this Theodore Doring, with small, regular features, fine hair, arranged with the utmost care, and a slight, rather frail-looking form, but one showing to the utmost advantage in the dance. The whole air inclining to effeminacy, was likewise apt to be forgotten, if not admired in such scenes of festivity, and the delicately scented cambric handkerchief, the glittering diamond breast-pin, the immaculate white kid gloves, completed the effect and made him beyond questioning the lion of the evening.

Alicia Burton was aware of this fact.

She knew that a score of bright-eyed girls were envying her the honour of opening the ball with Theodore Doring, and jealous of every smile and attention he bestowed upon her.

Her vain little heart was fluttering with conscious enjoyment then as he remained by her side, talking gaily until the last moment before the signal for the second dance, when her hand was eagerly claimed by one of the lesser lights.

Twice, thrice, nay six times in all, Alicia accepted Theodore Doring's hand for the dance before the evening was over, and every time beneath his whispered words, his flattering glances, her cheek burnt more hotly and her eye danced more joyously.

The grave judge watched her through the first of

the evening, and then went off to make one of a whist party, soliloquizing with keen satisfaction:

"It's just as I knew it would be. She won't be able to resist the circumstances I can place before her. Theodore Doring has the faculty of winning any girl's good will. Let Master Albert Warner whistle for his lady love. It will not matter to me though he be successful in his mission. I withdraw my prohibition in that case; but if the bird have flown, what will become of his suit? Ha, ha, it was a fine idea to send him off. Alicia will have forgotten her foolish fancy for him in less than a month if only Theodore Doring remain to keep her thoughts occupied by his fascinations. You're not quite a simpleton, John Burton."

So he went off to his cards, well contented, and Alicia danced and laughed and enjoyed the evening thoroughly, though in a wild, giddy fashion which left no time for sober reflection.

She was scarcely released by one partner, ere another came to claim her hand, and when she took notice of more than one good and gentle girl sitting neglected, measures after measure, her foolish little heart overflowed with self-congratulation on her more fortunate lot.

She was kept in such a whirl of excitement and movement she had not a moment's thought for the lover to whom she had pledged her faith; so, when near the close of the evening May Manning said, a little maliciously and in a low voice:

"Oh, by the way, Alicia, when did you hear last from Albert?"

Alicia started guiltily and blushed crimson beneath the sorrowful, accusing look which Theodore Doring standing beside her managed to bring into his gay blue eyes.

"Indeed, I can't say; I don't remember," hastily replied Alicia, bending down to disentangle a knot of ribbon on her lace skirt.

"He ought to be here to-night," continued Miss May, enjoying her power to slip a little thorn into the ball's flowery pathway. "I believe you have never met him, Mr. Theodore Doring?"

"Whom, I pray you?" asked Theodore Doring, eyeing Alicia's changing face with apprehension.

"Mr. Albert Warner, a good friend of our dear Alicia's." And May threw a most expressive gesture back and walked off exultingly.

Theodore Doring stood before her with a clouded face. Alicia stole a glance towards him from beneath her lowered lids, and fancied that he was quite angry and was going to leave her side.

Vanity and pride both took alarm that spiteful May should not have the satisfaction of seeing her deserted at the close of the evening. She would depart as she had arrived, the belle of the evening, whose sway was undisputed. Mr. Theodore Doring should hand her to the carriage. She called up her sweetest smile and looked up archly in his face.

"This Mr.—what was the name? I ought to remember it, it stung my ear so fiercely—this Mr. Albert Warner, he is nothing to you—only say that, Miss Burton."

Again her laugh chimed out merrily:

"He is a very good friend, a pleasant acquaintance. There is the signal, are we to dance or not?"

She arose a little impatiently and fluttered away on his arm, hoping the subject was ended. But at the first pause, while he still held her hand as in the changes of the dance, Theodore Doring's suppliant face was bent down to hers, and his entreating voice sighed:

"Miss Burton, if you would only give me a little more security. If you would say that man is only a friend, only an acquaintance—nothing more."

Alicia was vexed and indignant, but at that moment she met May Manning's satirical smile, and she answered, hastily:

"He is only a friend, nothing more."

Theodore Doring gave a light pressure to the little hand as he relinquished it, and said, joyously:

"Thank you, oh, thank you. Now I am happy again."

But Alicia's heart was sinking heavily the moment the words were spoken; she was conscious of their meanness and guilt. But she was angry, not with herself, but with Albert.

"Why need he have fostered me with an engagement? It was not generous in him when he was to be gone so long. Father was right in saying the whole affair was foolish and base. I'll write and tell Albert there's to be no engagement until he comes; then it will all be true that I have told Theodore Doring."

So she whispered hastily to silence the inward accusations.

Alicia's ambition was gratified.

Theodore led her with tender assiduity to the carriage, and carefully folded her coat around her neck, in sight of all the waiting crowd.

While he was doing so he whispered:

"I will tell you how foolish I was. I was afraid that Albert Warner was an accepted lover of yours; but I have just been hearing all about him, and I see how absurd a thing it would be. Why he is only a schoolmaster; a schoolmaster to marry Miss Burton!"

His merry laugh rang mockingly in Alicia's ears all the way home, and she buried her burning cheeks in the carriage cushions, as if her father could see them in the dimness of the night.

"How could Albert go to that odious school? It is very unkind in him. He ought to have paid more regard to my feelings. Oh, dear, I never thought so much about it. I'm sure I'm not fit for Albert's wife. I wish he were rich; I wish he weren't so peculiar and independent in his views. He never cared about what the world would say. It is strange how differently everything seems to me. Albert seemed so noble and handsome and good a little time back. I had seen nothing of the world. What magnificent diamonds Theodore Doring wears! Heigh ho!"

As if he had followed the train of her thoughts, her father here turned away from the window, and spoke out so suddenly that his daughter started nervously.

"What do you think of Theodore Doring, Alicia? West tells me he is rich. He hasn't got to dabble after a living; he's made himself secure already, young as he is."

"He did not strike me as a business man," answered Alicia, faintly.

"Of course not; he has wit enough to suit himself to his company. Wherever he is, whoever talks with him, he is always adapted to the circumstances. Manning and I were talking about him."

"He won't be caught by May Manning's artifices," said Alicia, hastily.

"He seemed to like Violet though; she's a sweet little creature. Well, I hope some of our fair townswomen will be fortunate enough to win such a prize. Since it's out of the question for my own daughter I can afford to be magnanimous. I am proud to know that my darling was selected to open the ball, and that there was not a more graceful figure or prettier face present. Heigh ho! I don't want to vex you, Alicia, but it is provoking to think that you, who might obtain the best match in the county, have been so foolish as to tie yourself down to a life of obscurity and poverty with that schoolmaster."

Alicia was drawing her gloves on and off.

"I beg your pardon, dear; you are offended I see. I forgot myself; be happy in your own way, my child. Your father will not interfere."

This was the master stroke of policy in the father. Alicia had no opportunity to vent her ill-humour upon him.

She put out her hand to meet his and burst into tears. He soothed her with many pet names and drew her to his arms.

"Don't cry, darling; you shan't be vexed. I was a cruel old father to show you my ambitious thoughts. You shall do as you please. I'll send for Albert, and you shall marry him to-morrow if you like."

"Don't, don't," sobbed Alicia.

"To-night, then; I'll send off a messenger to-night. My darling shall have her will about it. When Albert is here you'll be happy again."

"Don't talk about Albert," cried the girl. "I wish—I wish I never had seen him."

Whereupon she fell to crying more hysterically than ever.

There was a twinkle of humour in the grey eyes of the father which the dimness of the night hid from his daughter; but he said, in a very grave tone:

"Don't say that, dear. Albert is an exacting fellow he would be angry to hear it. You are tired and nervous now. A few hours' sleep will bring you right again. A change would do you good though. Let's go and see how Albert gets along as schoolmaster."

A little shudder of repugnance from Alicia was the only answer.

"Well, well, dear child; I'll try to amuse you with something else. Oh, let me tell you about the elegant dinner service Brown the jeweller saw, just finished for Mr. Doring's house. It was massive silver and exquisitely chased. And they are telling all sorts of extravagant stories about the set of emeralds and diamonds which his mother wore."

An impatient hand was put up to his lips.

"Don't talk any more, papa, you make me so nervous."

"Well, well, dear child, I won't. Only this much I must say. I had better accidentally mention to Mr. Doring to-morrow when he comes, as he promised to dine with us. Just mention you know about your engagement to Albert, because it wouldn't be right to encourage a man of his position with false hopes."

"Not a word, not a single word, papa."

"But consider, my daughter, what would be right

towards Albert, even if you have no regard for Mr. Doring's feelings. What would Albert say? He would think you were sorry of your engagement, that you were ashamed of him."

"And so I am, I do believe," exclaimed Alicia, passionately.

"Tell me that when you are cooler and quite yourself, Alicia, and you will make me the happiest of fathers. Now I can only believe that you speak from petulance," said he as he lifted her from the carriage.

Alicia ran away in hot haste from the glare of the hall lamp, and only glanced when safely locked in her own chamber.

Mr. Burton went into his library and then walked a few moments to and fro rubbing his hands gleefully.

"The best night's work I've seen for one while," he murmured, when he turned towards his sleeping-room.

And the Hardwick schoolmaster was sleeping sweetly, dreaming that Alicia and her father both came and promised him good luck with his secret undertaking.

CHAPTER III.

On his way to the schoolhouse, the next morning, Albert Warner was met by the earnest remonstrance of Pay Arden, who started up from a slump of young cedars by the roadside, her lips trembling with eagerness, her soft dark eyes just ready to overflow with tears.

"Oh, sir, you are so kind, but I can't consent to it."

"What cannot you consent to, dear child? I don't understand at all," he asked, kindly.

"I heard them talking about it. I know it is all on my account, to teach me, that you have asked to board with Deacon Flint. You are so good, so kind. But I cannot let you."

"You do not want my help, then; you do not think I shall do for your teacher," he said, in a tone of keen surprise.

"It is not that. Oh, no indeed, not that. But you will be so uncomfortable—so—dear, dear! what shall I say? It is so hard to make plain. You should have asked any of the neighbours, and they would have told you how niggardly and mean the home table is spread where Mrs. Flint is provided. You cannot be comfortable, I know. Even a boarder will be half-starved."

She looked at once ashamed and disgusted, with an indistinct alarm.

"It is hard to explain. There are few travellers. The stages change horses at Deacon Flint's, but the passengers take their meals below in the village. Only those that come to the bar-room, and—and a few passing pedlars venture to remain long enough with her to try her fare."

"Well, it is not very inviting. But don't you think I can bear it as well as you, Pay?" he asked, roughly.

She coloured, and hung her head, though her tone was defiant.

"I am used to it; besides, I have grown cunning enough to provide a good many extras for myself. Once I was nearly starved. Now when I milk I take care to drink my share before I come into the house."

"Milk! you with those little slender fingers?"

"It's nothing when one gets used to it. I like it, because I can fill my measure and make sure of one delicious draught. I should never taste sweet milk but that I help at the milking. The other hands favour me. They pity me."

"This is indeed revolting; and yet these Flint are prominent members of the Church here," said Albert, indignantly.

"Shining lights!" returned the girl.

The look on her face shocked him.

"Hush, Pay. Do not let their infidelity to their vows make you think lightly of holy things."

"It can hardly be helped."

She spoke with such supreme contempt that Albert stole another glance at her face. There were hard, stern lines there, which pained him to behold in such bitter contrast to the youthfulness and beauty.

"Dear little Pay," said the young schoolmaster, taking her by the hand, "were it only for your sake I should be more firm than ever in my determination to come. You need someone, my poor child, to teach you some gentle and loving lessons of life and human nature. Believe me, these people you describe are monstrosities. Travel up and down the world as you will, where you will find another pair like them I will show you a hundred gentle, loving, compassionate. Do not let your trying experience harden your heart against mankind, or dim the glorious beauty of true religion."

Her breast was heaving, the slow tears were stealing down her cheeks.

With her little brown hands clasped over her

heart and her swimming eyes, so touchingly beautiful through the glistening tears, lifted to his, Pay exclaimed, eagerly:

"I cannot deny human nature since I have seen you. If an angel came down to me from heaven I am afraid he would not seem more grand, and noble, and adorable."

Albert Warner felt a hot flush stealing to his cheek at this impassioned address, but a glance at the innocent, unconscious face rebuked the momentary vanity.

It was not exactly him, but the spirit of kindness and good-will, which the girl, first recognising in him, apostrophised in his soul. This starved and forlorn spirit might well fall into an ecstasy of delight at the first dawn of sympathy and affection. He felt somehow awed and rebuked before this original character, so singularly blending childishness and womanliness, artlessness and far-reaching sagacity.

"If I am to be your teacher, Pay, you must sometimes yield to my judgment," said he, presently.

"Not in such a case as this. It would make me wretched to see you suffering, and I too knowing it was entirely in my behalf," returned she, resolutely.

"There you are wrong. It is not more than half for your sake. I have a motive of my own. If you were not there I should go."

An expression of astonishment deepened her eyes to blackness, then she said, slowly:

"Of course it is so, since you say it; I am sure you will never be false in your dealings with me. You are never guilty of untruth in deed or speech. But I am very much astonished."

Another little spasm of self-conviction for Albert.

"How perfectly sincere and circumspect I must be to come up to this child's standard," he thought.

"I have told you simply the truth," was all he said.

Pay stood with head drooping on one side, her eyes bent to the ground. In her grave, earnest way she was working over some suggestion in her mind.

"Then I suppose you must come," she said at last, in a very deliberate tone; "of course, if it is on your own account, I have no right to object. Doubtless the motive is the same which brought you here to the school."

"Sagacious little brain," thought Albert, while he returned, playfully:

"So you persist in believing it is not for the sake of the money I earn that I am here. One would wonder what other attraction could be found."

"It is a puzzle; maybe some day I shall find it out, or you will tell me. But I must not stay so long. I promised to bring my apron full of apples from the tree over there—I had them ready long ago, waiting for you to come along. Good-morning, sir."

She dropped a little courtesy, flashed out upon him a singularly dazzling smile which seemed to come as much from her eyes as her lips, and ran away.

"Exquisite little creature," said the schoolmaster as he walked on. "When that good time comes she shall share Alicia's home and mine. She shall know what a true home can be, and be repaid for all this dreary experience by our tenderest care."

When his teaching was over for the day Albert Warner turned his steps towards Deacon Flint's.

The house was a large two-story building, standing close to the main road and fronting the opening of a by-street running down the hill towards a cluster of farmhouses, whose brown roofs stood up in bold relief from cleared fields, whose even portions, one of wheat, another of corn, and a third and fourth invariably of oats, looked like the variously coloured squares of a checker board.

The farm comprised all the plain on the summit of the hill and several fields extending down into the valley on the west, terminating in dense woods of spruce and pine.

The house was a well-known village inn, by which passed the regular stages.

A series of out-buildings extended along quite a space of ground, and when the schoolmaster entered the yard a stage was drawn up at the door, and the hostler was leading some reeking animals under the tall arched gateway into the stables.

He passed noiselessly through the noisy group into the bar-parlour.

It was not a particularly spacious room; but a door from it opened into the north corner.

The door was a peculiar affair, however. It had a narrow rim-like shelf in the centre, on which a customer might place his glass; and the upper half of the door was sawed into, so that Deacon Flint could swing it open and lean out without allowing profane feet to intrude into the tempting precincts of the bar itself.

(To be continued.)



[ONE PLUNGE AND IT WOULD BE OVER.]

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

WHEN Ralph Chichester found he had been entrapped into marrying a penniless beauty by two scheming women—he chose to put it in that way—his anger knew no bounds.

One had schemed and managed very adroitly, I will confess, but the other, Dora Wayne, now Mrs. Chichester, was entirely innocent of the complicity. She had fallen headlong in love with Mr. Chichester during his first stay at Brighton.

He was something of a young girl's hero.

Tall, dark, with powerful black eyes, a deep persuasive voice, a manner most agreeable, and not without a certain cultivation.

He had travelled a good deal and had acquired the art of being captivating to both men and women—it was his principal stock in trade.

He dressed elegantly, he drove a span of splendid bays, wore a diamond pin and sleeve buttons of great value.

He lived in London, and seemed to be a gentleman of leisure.

When Mrs. Conway found he mistook Miss Wayne for a distant connection of the same name, an heiress, she allowed him to go on.

Dora Wayne, without any settled home, dependent on her friends until she did marry, might as well make her fortune out of her face now as at any time.

One generally is as attractive in the first flush of eighteen as at the mature and somewhat faded perfection of twenty-eight.

So Mrs. Conway gave him the impression that she was keeping a sharp look-out.

Miss Wayne was too young to make a judicious selection, and her friends would, of course, be very particular.

There were reasons.

I think he was easily duped for so keen a man. For he did know the world pretty thoroughly.

But Dora was strangely simple-hearted, and perhaps her very frankness and innocence won him.

Because he meant to marry her for her money he always wandered wide from that topic.

She was handsome, as I have said, well dressed and stylish.

I am not certain but this style of hers made her appear a greater lady than she was.

She accepted attentions and bore her honours in a sort of regal fashion.

She would have swept a room with the same grand air, and you would have said she was a queen out of her rightful place, instead of blaming her for airs and graces beyond her station.

When she came to Brighton she and life were new. She did not think the glitter was tinsel or the glare a mirage.

Why should she indeed?

Her pleasures were real enough.

She was extravagantly fond of dancing, and she did it beautifully.

She never lacked partners.

Then a seat behind Mr. Chichester's bays, as they flew over the smooth, hard roads, brought a lovely flush to her cheek and stirred her blood with keen, delightful sensations.

She was rather demonstrative, principally in her enjoyments, and this pleased Mr. Chichester immensely.

He could see, too, that she liked him.

So when Mrs. Conway awoke to a new sense of her obligation as chaperone, and began to watch Dora a little more closely, and appear in some doubt as to how far this intimacy with Mr. Chichester might be safely carried, it piqued him into a deeper earnestness.

"Of course she is perfectly safe with you, a man so much older, and a society man also. But I dread her forming any imprudent connection with the young fops abounding everywhere. And when a girl's heart is engaged she seems perfectly reckless. Every year you hear of numbers of just such elopements. I try to take good care of her, for I am answerable to other friends, and she, poor child, has neither father nor mother, and possesses sufficient charms to render her the prey of some designing knave. I say to her daily, 'For heaven's sake, Dora, don't fall in love. Enjoy all the simple pleasures of life, but don't take any irrevocable step until you have sense enough to know what you need.' Marriage is such a risk, Mr. Chichester."

"You are most kind and careful." And the gentleman bowed to Mrs. Conway, smiling to himself over a new idea that had crept into his brain.

He made love to Dora in that vehement fashion that obtains so much amongst young girls.

They kept their secret.

She was infatuated.

She wondered why such a splendid man should fancy her when there were plenty of women much richer, more accomplished, and apparently willing to listen to him.

Some of these women knew him, however, and looked upon this ignorant girl, slowly going to her own destruction, with a careless, significant nod.

In this selfish world one must take care of one's own heart and soul. Few care how the one is won or the other sullied.

So the affair ended with an elopement. Dora had made a faint protest.

"I may as well tell auntie"—she called her aunt by courtesy, for the relationship was more distant. "I don't believe she will object, and we can be married privately if you dislike all the fuss so much."

Dora had quite set her heart on an elegant wedding.

Her ideas on the subject more than ever persuaded Mr. Chichester that she had means at her command.

"I know your aunt would object," he said, decisively. "If you love me, if you have any confidence in me—"

The persuasive tone conquered.

"Oh, you know I do," and she looked up with a tender, but subdued glance.

"And you will consent?"

So the night before they were to leave Brighton the next morning, Mr. Chichester's bays nodded a farewell with rosetted ears to the hotel.

Dora took a last look.

She meant to come again next summer with such dresses, and such loves of bonnets, and a diamond set. Mr. Chichester was like a prince, and would be royally indulgent.

In the note left for her aunt she directed that her trunk might be sent to her hotel.

And there she spent two or three wildly happy days, for Mr. Chichester could make a woman extravagantly happy. At thirty-eight, though passing for five years younger, he had gone through many experiences.

Being short of money, the truth came out sooner than it would have done under other circumstances. It was a mortifying and disgraceful scene.

Dora was not without spirit, and a feeling of conscious innocence gave her courage.

But in his violence he awed and subdued her.

She felt that he might be a terrible master, and she had put herself in his power; so after a little he talked her down.

The deep eyes that had been her pride glared like a demon's.

The voice that had been so gentle and winsome was furious with oaths and epithets that called the crimson blood to her cheek. The white hand was clenched and brought down on the marble slab of the bureau with a force unpleasantly suggestive.

And then Mr. Chichester went out to cool his temper and take a survey of his prospects. He had spent a good deal of money winning a penniless woman, a wife that he did not want.

He had hitherto prided himself upon draining the cup of pleasure pretty deeply, and yet keeping out of all such entanglements.

But here he was bound, fettered, saddled with a wife.

No country connexions where he could send her for a six months' visit, no friends who would persuade her to leave him if he neglected her. A legal marriage.

A weak, foolish girl who loved him; and he sneered a little at that last.

Dora, being left alone, gave way to a passion of bitterest tears, her whole frame writhing with contending emotions.

To have been married for a supposititious fortune was bad enough, but to be accused of deception and

artifice, when it had been farthest from her mind, was too humiliating.

And to be so rudely awakened from her bright dream of love, to be disenchanted at one blow, to be bound for life to such a man.

The misery of the life that rose before her was intolerable.

What should she do—rush out and drown herself, and so have done with it all?

She shivered with great throbs of agony that alternated in burning heats and icy chills.

Not to be loved—to be hated and despised, even not wanted—there was the sting.

And she had been counting on so much love. She had thought his tenderness inexhaustible, his indulgence princely.

She had dreamed of such happy years. Instead of these prospects, his cruel, taunting words rang through her ears.

Once she arose, found her shawl and wrapped it around her.

Some strong impulse seemed to hurry her forth to escape all the evils of this wretched life, and another equally strong to hold her back.

She was so young that death looked terrible; and voluntary death so difficult to undertake. Another woman might have been more fruitful in resources, but she seemed so utterly helpless and forlorn. Going back to Aunt Conway was quite out of the question.

And she felt as if Mr. Chichester's denunciations of that lady had been in part deserved.

Oh, what could she do? Only a week ago she so proudly promised to love, honour and obey. Love and honour had both fled, been destroyed by those terrible words of his.

It appeared so strange not to love him, and yet she felt that love was hopelessly dead.

If the knowledge had come gradually—but now her heart could never warm towards him again. It lay like a lump of ice in her bosom, slowly petrifying her very brain and nerves.

The darkness gathered around her.

The street lamps were lit and the reflection stole into her room.

She heard the crush and rumbling of carriages and omnibuses, the tread of hurrying travellers. Sometimes a laugh floated up to her, and all the while a strange hum and bustle.

Then the darkness grew more intense and the lights steadier.

She went to the window and glanced out with a dull, vacant stare, the moving images making a faint impression on her sight, but none on her brain.

It seemed as if she had watched there for weeks.

The clocks struck ten, eleven.

People hurried home from theatres and other places of amusement.

The street became stiller.

Some of the lights on the opposite side of the way were extinguished. The steps grew infrequent. And then a horrible fear seized her. A short time ago she fancied she would be glad never to see Mr. Chichester again.

What if fate had taken her at her unexpressed wish!

What if he had gone never to return, and she was left here a deserted wife, with only a few pounds in her purse!

A faintness like that of death came over her. She could not even stir—reach out hand or foot, or scream.

The door was roughly opened.

"What are you doing here without a light? I should think it a little too late for romantic musings;" the last with a stinging sneer.

She arose and lit the gas. She felt compelled, as it were, to obey him, though neither love nor honour prompted her.

"That's better. Turn it up and let's see how you look. You've married a poor man, but if you are willing to help him along it may not be so bad after all."

His very voice was coarse. This was the gentleman of a week ago, whose tones were soft, whose manners were gentle and deferential. She shuddered at the change.

"Don't be sulky, Dora. It's as hard on me as it is on you. I was hot and hasty awhile ago, but heaven knows I had provocation. So let's kiss and be friends."

She never stirred, but looked steadily at him, hating him more and more in her heart.

"Do you know that I am your husband?"

His voice had a low and peculiar intonation. He had thought of several ways in which he might make this woman useful: but first he was to be complete master.

"Will you kiss me?"

She did not dare refuse; indeed, she had no power. But she felt love between them was at an end. All

her life she was to be his slave—a long, dreary life, and she but eighteen!

She did not cry herself to sleep. She was too thoroughly frightened. The idea of drowning came back to her, and yet she was afraid to die. No, there was nothing but endurance.

Many women would have done differently, perhaps struggled against the hateful bond or proudly braved it. She lacked both energy and persistency. She had been merely a bright, happy girl, ignorant of the world, ready to take it on trust, enjoying everything that came in her way. Altogether undeveloped, and yielding from that pleasant good-nature which is often the result of indolence than any really generous principle.

Mr. Chichester was a supremely selfish man. His own interest and pleasures always came first, unless when he had a strong point to gain, and kept them in the background.

But he liked comfort too well to be continually at war with anyone; so after establishing his supremacy, he was really kind and indulgent to his wife. More than this in some moods, when he resumed the old fascination that had won her.

She tried to resist this at first. She did not want to love him. But it was very hard not to be drawn into the current. When he was tender it was difficult to keep up her feeling of aversion, knowing as she did that she was linked to him for life. His was the only love she could ever have. She had heard him sneer at women's friendships and intimacies; and however pleasant one might be, she knew she would not dare to cultivate it under his watchful eyes. So, after all, he would be her chief interest.

Some weeks after this he took a house handsomely furnished. Mrs. Chichester was completely mystified, and, I may as well confess, delighted with the place.

The truth of it all came upon her by slow degrees. On the second floor were two rooms over which she was to have no jurisdiction.

One contained a billiard table, the other a Faro bank. Crosbie, the princely waiter, kept these in order, and attended his master here.

She was expected to make herself charming and sit in the drawing-room, sing and play as guests desired, dispense her most bewitching smiles, be lavish of her beguiling tones, until these young men, most of them a little fast, but with plenty of money, lost their heads, when her husband took them in charge. More than one had cause to rue the day on which he first met "that elegant Mrs. Chichester."

She did not understand it at first, her life at the hotel had been so very unhappy and lonesome. She had not even ventured out to call on the few friends she had in town.

To have these lovely rooms, and the piano, which she was really fond of, and agreeable gentlemen dropping in frequently, discussing operas, theatres, new books, and the gossip of the day, was very entertaining.

And when she found that her husband was not jealous, but liked to have her as attractive as possible, a new grace and freedom took possession of her. I think she must have been born fascinating, an evil gift as it proved to her. But when she was happy she could not help being charming; and for awhile she was happy.

She almost forgave her husband that first cruel scene that had so disenchanted her. She could not quite dismiss her fear of him, however. He did exert a very curious power over her, and it made her the more anxious to please him.

I said the truth came upon her by degrees. Now and then she passed one of these elegant gentlemen with a lady, when he would be so engrossed with his companion that he would pass her by without the slightest recognition.

As this came to be repeated, and as she noticed how ready they were to bow to her when alone or in groups of two or three, she began to feel that there was something peculiar in her position.

She complained to her husband.

He met the matter with a little scornful ridicule.

"As if all women were not fond of compliments and silly speeches. If you don't know enough to take care of yourself—" a half-threatening, half-impatient look finished the sentence.

"You promised once to care for me."

Her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, come, that nonsense is played out! Keep your sentiment for capital; there will be times when you can use it more effectively. Just go on as you have begun, and in a few years we'll make a fortune."

She went to her room in a more bitter humiliation of spirit than on that night when he had accused her of assuming the heiress on purpose to entrap him.

This, then, was a gambling-den, and she was the beautiful decoy to lure men on to their ruin.

She glanced at herself in the large swinging mirror.

It seemed to her that the face had taken on a new and wonderful loveliness.

She shivered with a sense of danger.

And this tall, imperial figure rounded with such exquisite proportions—the drooping white shoulders enhanced but not hidden by filmy laces, the arms that tapered from shoulder to wrist, with a dimple at the elbow, the slender hands that never disdained a contrast with the pearl-keyed piano.

Oh, why had heaven made her so beautiful?

If to-day she could change places with one of those indifferent-looking girls she had seen at her dress-maker's, who were earning an honourable livelihood that they would never need blush for; or anyone, in fact, who was living a good, true life. She loathed herself, and yet at heart she was as pure as they. Oh, what could she do?

Everywhere she turned the way was hedged with difficulties.

She was not sure she would be allowed to leave her husband in peace.

He supported her, treated her well in the eye of the law, and could insist upon keeping her. And where could she go? What could she do? for she had so few resources.

She could not plan for any emergency, she had no friends to assist her.

When she first came to this house she had written to Aunt Conway, at her husband's suggestion. Knowing that he would glance it over, she had said no word derogatory to him.

Indeed, I think pride would have forbidden her if fear had not.

Aunt Conway, in return, congratulated her dear Dora highly.

And so Dora Chichester stood entirely alone. There was no avenue of escape for her.

A different woman might have made one, but in invention Dora was helpless, and then at that age a woman rarely knows her own strength. She could only resign herself to her fate.

If she relaxed one smile, if she were coldly indifferent, that terrible gleam came in her husband's eye. She did not want to see him angry again. One such experience was enough for a life.

Yet she knew the bond between them was one of interest solely. He had told the truth when he said he did not love her.

He was proud of her, and liked to be ministered to by so beautiful a woman. But that was merely an appeal to the senses.

Had she been plain, or unattractive, he would soon have found some means of ridding himself of her. And she knew now if she made one false step in this dangerous path he would be the first one to thrust her down to the depths of destruction.

There were no chivalrous instincts in the man's soul, nothing noble or purely tender.

And she questioned sometimes whether he would not feel absolutely relieved if by some act of her own she forfeited his protection.

Perilous as the position was, she passed it unscathed the first winter.

Through the summer they travelled, he reaping a rich harvest from unwary victims.

In October they came back to the same house and took up the old life.

She was in some degree hardened to it, and though the breach between herself and her husband had not perceptibly widened, it was there like some terrible barrier.

She could not go to him for assistance in any weak moment, for sympathy or strength.

She seemed isolated from everyone. And the thought that she was expected to make herself agreeable for such a terrible purpose wore upon her fearfully.

Sometimes she felt that she could not endure it.

It was at this time that she met Dean Endicott.

He sauntered in one evening with some friends who had raved about Mrs. Chichester in a manner that excited his curiosity.

He fancied he had seen and knew most everything about town. That Chichester should have married at all surprised him a little, and he was prepared to give Mrs. Chichester credit for much adroitness and cool self-possession.

That love had been at all concerned in the bargain he scouted utterly.

This man of forty, who had studied the world in nearly every phase, ended by being half cynical and wholly faithless.

He was in possession of a good income, and had little beside his own whims and pleasure to consult. Pleasure of every kind he had tried to satiety, and now had settled into a mood of habitual indifference. Indeed, his steady habits had encouraged more than one mamma to throw out her most alluring bait.

Young ladies as a class had but little interest for him. To his male friends he was a generous and agreeable companion, but they feared his trenchant satire a little.

He had fancied in his own mind just what Mrs. Chichester would be. Bold, dashing, witty, with a fine figure, and fearless black eyes.

As to the first he was right enough in his conjecture. But these soft brown eyes, this beautiful face, that in repose was full of pathetic entreaty, this peculiar manner, fascinating, yet with a touch of distance, as if there were a limit none of these men might pass—interested him strangely. Yet he knew none of these alone had beguiled Ralph Chichester into marriage.

She was certainly the sort of woman to fall in love. Young, romantic possibly, impulsive and womanly—which in his estimation stood for a certain weakness of nature that demanded sympathy and tenderness. She might have been led into such a step, but Chichester was not the man to take upon himself bonds for the sake of any woman's heart, or happiness.

It was so rarely that Mr. Endicott experienced a new sensation, that he gave this half curiosity, half interest, a warm welcome, and, since he had nothing special on his hands, he resolved to cultivate Mrs. Chichester until the affair became wearisome—the fate of most of his affairs.

I do not think she noticed him specially that evening. It was not his style to pay her any marked attention or seem interested before these chance friends. Besides, he wanted to feel sure she was not all vanity or insipidity. He liked character. So a few mornings afterwards he called and found her alone.

"Mr. Chichester is out," she said, after the first salutation had passed between them.

He gave a peculiar smile, and said, as half question, half assertion:

"My entertainment will be a bore to you, then?"

"Oh, no."

"Then I believe I shall inflict my presence upon you awhile. One gets tired of sauntering through the streets, or yawning over books at home."

She glanced up at him, while he, perfectly aware of the examination, pretended to be attracted by some stir in the street.

She saw a man moderately tall and rather stout, not much of the hero order. Indeed, she came near pronouncing him indifferent.

Not one feature was positively handsome, yet on the whole they were harmonious. The broad, high forehead, the face that would have seemed wide but for the Vandyke beard, light brown, inclining to the warmer tints. His hair was a shade darker, thin on the top, trimmed quite close and inclining to curl. His eyes were a sort of bluish gray, rather deep set and penetrating, eyes that saw a great deal more than they chose to reveal, and were not often at fault either. But she thought there was nothing remarkable about him, and in the language of her set, pronounced him at once "slow."

When he determined that she had surveyed him sufficiently he turned and commenced a conversation. Commonplace enough at first—he wanted to gauge her mind and see what sort of a repast would be most likely to charm.

For Mr. Endicott was allowed to be a very fascinating man.

The secret of it, I think, was that he adapted himself to the company he was in, and ministered to them on their own demands.

Unconsciously he led her on to talk of herself. The people she was in the habit of meeting rarely tried to fathom either heart or mind.

This man understood her at once, as in her girlish days she had fancied Mr. Chichester might; but that was merely adaptiveness on his part.

Mr. Endicott's appreciation was most delicate and subtle.

It soothed and allayed any latent apprehension, and encouraged confidence.

"Do you know," he said, presently, looking at his watch, "that I have been here an hour? A most unconscionable call. And as I can wait no longer for my friend, Chichester, I will drop in some morning again."

Honesty compelled her to answer, "He is often out mornings."

"I'll find him some time," and with a smile Mr. Endicott bowed himself out.

Mrs. Chichester returned to her seat and fell into a fit of deep musing. An indefinable fear stole over her. Not anything specially connected with Mr. Endicott, but her own life, her way that was so full of thorns and scant of roses.

It seemed to her as if she had been formed more for the roses—a happy home life, a life of love and duty and honour, in some place of retirement, where she was not compelled to put on false smiles to lure people to destruction.

Oh, did Mr. Endicott dream of this terrible life she was leading? He seemed so unferential, so gentlemanly, he had not startled her by coarse allusions that annoyed, or witticisms at which she rather blushed

than smiled. And when he understood just what she was here for—

Oh, if she had only one true friend! Her position debared her from finding them amongst her own sex, but if a man like Mr. Endicott, who knew the world so well, would befriend and advise. And yet, what could he do for her? Was she not bound hand and foot?

Mr. Endicott turned into Offord Street, and walked slowly down.

This Mrs. Chichester was something new. How had she managed to preserve her freshness and self-poise in such a place as that?

She might have been the greatest lady in the land for any marks she showed of contact with the world in which she dwelt.

Or was she a consummate actress? If he could know what motive had led her to marry Chichester. At any rate she was worth cultivating. It would be an agreeable entertainment to him for the present. He was not afraid of losing his head or his heart.

So he became a frequent visitor at the Chichesters'. Now and then of an evening he played, invariably losing.

But the visits that gratified him the most were those long morning hours, when no one came to disturb them.

Then they could talk directly to each other without fear or hesitation.

With her need of a friend, and the necessity of a generous, confiding nature repressed in every other direction, she soon turned towards him.

There was something peculiarly inviting in his strength, his cool, clear judgment, and the sense of reliance everyone experienced when brought into intimate contact with him.

In friendship he was most true and honourable. Few were ever mistaken in him, or had cause to regret aught they confided to his care.

I will confess that though he asked Mrs. Chichester no questions, he led her on to talk about herself—her married life, and allowed her to see that he understood her husband thoroughly as a man who must have a selfish motive at the bottom of every action in life; incapable of any truly generous deed, mean and cruel, as such natures must ever be.

And in some way the story of their marriage came out—an imprudent admission on her part, but remember she was hardly twenty and leading a most distasteful life. Sympathy was so sweet.

And to have one person know her for just what she was, and see how circumstances had conspired to push her into this course, to make a distinction between what she was and the life she would have chosen had choice been hers, was so grateful.

He seemed like a brother to her, though I will admit her notions on the subject of brothers were rather confused.

Yet in all this she had no other thought than the purest friendship.

Mr. Endicott was more to blame, for in his wide experience he knew the current well, and to just what desperate rapids it would lead her.

But this gave it a keen charm for him. He was becoming strangely interested.

What he intended to do was not quite clear even to himself.

He did not care to think of it. The present was so enjoyable that he dreaded speculating on the future.

With this sympathy and friendship Dora acquired a peculiar strength.

She was no longer a weak tool in her husband's hands.

Now and then she surprised him by some assertion of self that he had not looked for.

When he tried as before to subjugate her he met with a curious resistance.

If she yielded he still saw that she was but half won. It exasperated him because he could not understand her, or force her to betray her secret armour.

And so to coldness was added positive unkindness, a cruelty that sent her the more readily to Mr. Endicott, and made his gentleness and wisdom seem her only refuge.

He managed so that Mr. Chichester should not suspect him, partly for his own, but more for her sake. He did not want to be surprised in a helpless condition. And until he had decided what to do in case of a *dénouement*, until he was ready to take some decisive step, he preferred quiet and peace.

But what was he to do? After two months of really close friendship with Mrs. Chichester, in which he had learned every secret of her heart, even that there was growing up a peculiar interest for him, he began to feel that the issue must be met some time.

He had never promised himself to be simply friends with her, for secretly in his breast he nourished a little feeling of honour.

And as weeks went on he found he wanted something she had not even tacitly given him—her love. To have her acknowledge it for the briefest moment, to

feel that she could forget the social stigma that bound her, for it was no true marriage, he told himself over and over again.

Her innate truth and purity kept her from the dangerous vortex. His conscience misgave him a little when he tried to lure her on, and then, vexed at his ill-success, he became more than ever in earnest. She must know that she loved him, and confess it.

Circumstances brought about a combination of events that made it seem as if fate were playing into his hands.

Ralph Chichester, reckless and disappointed in many of his schemes, and finding that his wife could not be relied upon to second his nefarious undertakings, determined to hazard a bold throw.

A young man had fallen in his way whose fortune was indeed a glittering bait.

Night after night the poor victim tried to retrieve his ill success, but ended by becoming more deeply involved.

Mrs. Chichester endeavoured to dissuade him one evening, but the infatuated youth would listen to no warning.

Maddened with his losses, he turned upon his betrayer, and repeated Mrs. Chichester's words of counsel.

Nothing could exceed her husband's anger. It was not fierce denunciation only—in the midst of his coarse and withering abuse he struck her.

She had hardly thought a man could do that, though she had sometimes read it in police reports. She stood up, white and straight before him, all the softness gone out of her eyes, her lips compressed into a thin, ashen line.

"If you please," exclaimed the servant, opening the door when she found her knock disregarded, "Mr. Endicott is downstairs and wishes to see you immediately."

Her only friend! Her heart was swelling with anger and injustice, a bitter, burning sense of wrong roused every fibre of her being, and with a haughty look she swept out of the room. If the look could have killed, he would have fallen at her feet.

Dean Endicott stood in the middle of the large drawing-room, which he had been pacing impatiently, every second seeming an age. The face that confronted him startled him beyond speech for a moment.

The clock in the hall struck ten. As if that recalled him, he said, hurriedly:

"Get your bonnet and shawl and come with me. In ten minutes the police will be here to arrest your husband. I must save you from this ignominy, at any rate. Come."

"Do you know what he did?" Her voice was low and terribly distinct. "He struck me!" and covering her face with her hands in the agony of her humiliation, she burst into tears.

"You will go?" he said, presently, his eyes deep with vehement emotion.

"What was it you said?"—and she made a confused attempt to think.

"Jane"—he intercepted a servant in the hall; "bring your mistress a bonnet and shawl. Don't lose a moment."

The girl obeyed to the letter.

Mr. Endicott put them on, for in her bewilderment she could not think.

Then he drew her arm through his, and led her to the hall-door, pausing a moment to give directions to Jane.

"Do not say who took Mrs. Chichester away. After the officers have been here pack her trunks and lock them. To-morrow morning I will see you," and he thrust some money into her hand.

It was the latter part of February, a cold, cloudy night, and the transition from the warm room to the chilly street made Dora shiver.

The streets were quiet, mostly deserted in that region.

Mr. Endicott put his arm around her under her shawl and drew her closer.

Like one bewildered she went on without a question, trusting him most implicitly, feeling indeed that she had no one else to trust.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked. "And why is my—Mr. Chichester, I mean—to be arrested?"

"Hush," he said. "I will tell you all presently."

She was ushered into a neat parlour by a kindly middle-aged woman.

Mr. Endicott remained behind to talk with her in the hall for several moments.

In this brief while Dora's consciousness came to her in rapid bounds.

Mr. Endicott's whole manner towards her—what did it mean?

His quick eye detected her apprehension. He seated himself beside her, but did not offer to touch the hand that lay trembling in her lap.

"Perhaps you will think me hasty and imprudent," he began, in a quiet tone, well calculated to allay her

excitement; "but it was all I could do. And this Mrs. Woods is a friend of mine, of whom I could ask any favour. You will find a safe and pleasant home."

"But why?"—and she stretched out her hand with a pathetic, imploring gesture.

"Yes, I am coming to it. Young Vandervoort went at once to the police station and lodged a complaint against your husband. I met him not ten yards from the place, and heard enough of his wild story to know that you might be held for a witness. I think the police have been suspicious of the house for some time. It will undoubtedly be broken up."

"And he?"

There was a latent pity in her tones.

Mr. Endicott remarked it.

"After his treatment of you this evening will it matter very much what is done with him?"

"It was horrible!" and she shivered. "I can never, never go back. When I think how I have been his slave, his tool, put on smiles at his bidding to entrap the unwary; and yet, what could I have done? No one cared for me. I had no friend to whom I could turn;" and she wrung her hands in a paroxysm of grief and remembered despair.

"No longer friendless," he said, in his deepest, richest tone. "Shut out that old life entirely. You have been rescued from it for all time. He shall never dare molest you again."

There was an almost savage exultation in this last. It was lost on Dora, however.

Rising, she had taken one step forward, when, overcome by excitement and contending emotions, she would have fallen to the floor if his arms had not caught and held her.

How beautiful she looked in that death-like swoon. It seemed to Dean Endicott that he had never cared so madly for any woman, yet he felt how doubly necessary caution and patience were. One false step would lose him all the advantage fate had placed in his hands. So he called Mrs. Woods, and consigned Mrs. Chichester to her care. Dora's eyes thanked him in her feeble good-night.

After she was made comfortable Mrs. Woods left her. She could not sleep. The sudden change, the strange house, the scenes of the last hour or two, and a peculiar sense of freedom conspired to keep her wakeful.

More than once she wondered what she could do, and what would become of her, for in the eye of the law she was Ralph Chichester's wife. She could not forget that.

She was really weak and ill the next day, and Mrs. Woods's kindness was most grateful. Mr. Endicott called at two, but she had not risen yet.

Shortly after this her trunk came, and Jane made her appearance with them. From her Mrs. Chichester heard the particulars of the arrest. The servants had been taken into custody, but discharged after a hearing. Mr. Chichester had been bailed.

"Did he say anything about me, Jane?"

The girl had received her orders from Mr. Endicott. She was too much attached to her mistress to repeat what had been said, so she fumbled over the trunk, unpacking dresses, and presently replied:

"He wasn't at the house while I was there this morning."

Mrs. Chichester sighed a little. Of course he did not love her. But it was hard not to be regretted at all.

And so when Mr. Endicott came that evening his sympathy and tenderness were doubly sweet and dangerous. But for him she would have been so utterly alone.

A fortnight passed in much the same way. She was too weak and weary to give her situation much thought, and she seemed waiting for some event to decide her.

Mr. Chichester, it appeared, made no effort to see her, but one morning a letter came from him that startled her out of her fancied security.

It was full of keen and torturing sarcasm. In leaving his house and placing herself under Mr. Endicott's protection, Mr. Chichester supposed she wished it to be understood that she relinquished all wifely claim upon him.

He had so taken it. In the eyes of the world she had forfeited her claim and position. He could of course never consent to receive her back. They were as effectually separated as if the law had divorced them.

He had the art of establishing his points very well. As she read she felt convinced that although innocent herself the world would adjudge her guilty.

Every step she had taken, nay, almost every word she had uttered, would go against her.

There was one hope—Mr. Endicott; and now she began to fear that even he would fail her.

He did not come until evening.

She went to the parlour with the letter in her hand, and after the merest salutation gave it to him to read, watching keenly each expression of his face, her heart dying within her at every breath.

When he glanced up her face was deadly pale.

"Well," he said, "you never loved him?"

"Yes, I did once. Do not forget that I married him of my own free will and choice."

"When you knew nothing of your own heart."

He arose and came close beside her—would have taken her hand if she had not made a dissenting gesture.

"Dora," and there was a bewildering depth of passion in his tones—"Dora, let us have done with all these flimsy artifices. What your husband says is in some degree true. As for him no terms would be endurable between you now. And I love you as he never could have loved. You love me too. Deny it if you can."

His eyes transfixed her.

The crimson blood rushed to her face, and every pulse in her frame beat with a strange, terrified thrill. She could not deny it, and yet confession would be madness.

"You love me." His voice was low and tender.

"In the sight of heaven you never belonged to that man. It was the veriest mockery."

"But I am Mr. Chichester's wife. You know how innocently I have taken these fatal steps. Help me rather to retrieve them instead of dragging me down to perdition."

She held out her hands as if to grasp some sure support.

He caught them.

He held her in a clasp against which all her struggles were ineffectual, and pleaded his love most eloquently. He made it appear so fair and natural.

He would not admit that there could be any wrong under the circumstances.

She was weak and weary, and the way before her was so dark and thorny.

Rest and peace and love were sweet.

She was sorely tempted to believe. And, after all, what did it matter? Who cared what became of her? She cared herself.

The past had been bad and black enough; she would not make the future worse.

She broke from this beguiling tenderness, and answered him proudly, but he saw it was only a flash of false strength, and did not wholly despair.

He knew what judicious persistence had done before this. And at the last he left her with a kind good-night.

She went to her room wild with contending emotions.

He had said truly that she did love him, and with so much more strength and fervour than in her first regard that it frightened her.

Could she trust herself?

There might come an evil moment when the current would be too strong, and she would drift out on the broad ocean of destruction.

She shivered with dread!

How still and dark the night was!

Some blind impulse seemed hurrying her on to a decisive movement.

She threw on her bonnet and shawl and stole down stairs quietly—out in the street.

The glimmer of a lamp on the corner seemed to lure her thither. On and on. Where should she go?

No friend but one, who was too dangerously dear.

And then she remembered the wild desire that had come to her when first her fair fabric of happiness had tumbled into ruins. Only a few blocks beyond ran the dark river.

What did it matter? Surely it was better than shame.

The shops were all closed, and there were few dwelling-houses in this vicinity.

Soon the tall spires of the shipping loomed up like dim ghosts.

Here was a deserted pier, while above and below the boats rocked in the slow tide with a sullen monotone. It was so dreary.

No wonder she shivered.

And on the other hand was love—happiness. Oh, could she?

On the other hand was sin as well.

Maybe heaven would forgive her this fatal step. It seemed all that was left her.

She fancied she heard a stir, listened, and glanced around in the darkness.

All was silent.

One plunge and it would be over. No one could rescue her.

She stretched out her arms blindly. She swayed forward over the dark pier, holding her breath. Did she dream, or was there a strong arm around her?

"Dora!"

The voice recalled her wandering senses.

"In the name of heaven, child, what are you doing?"

She knew the voice, and turned.

She clung to him with a sort of desperation and said, hoarsely:

"I was afraid of you—of myself. I dared not live."

"And I should have been your murderer!"

She felt the shudder that ran through his frame; but she was fearless now, and answered:

"It would have been a less sin than to have murdered my soul."

"Child"—his voice was husky and tremulous—"will you not let me save you?"

"Yes."

He led her back through the dreary streets without another word.

Not until they came to the corner of the street in which she lived did he pause. Then he raised her veil and studied her face by the glimmer of the lamp.

"For the last time," he said, slowly. "You shall see that love is not always base and selfish. When I can come to claim you honourably, be it ten or twenty years from this, you shall see me; not before, unless it is your wish. Will you trust me now?"

"Yes."

"I shall know how it fares with you in the meantime. I will see that you have some suitable employment, that you may preserve your own independence. You will find Mrs. Woods a good, trusty friend. I think you had better tell her the whole truth."

His tone was curiously cold and measured. Some great emotion ruled the man.

"You agree to this?"

"I do. You are more than kind—noble."

"You have made me so. I shall never forget that I might have been guilty of your death."

They were nearing the stoop. He glanced wistfully into her eyes.

"Will you kiss me once more?"

She bent towards him, and with that they parted. She summoned Mrs. Woods, and the two women talked until long after midnight; and on the morrow Dora Chichester began a new life.

Mr. Endicott kept his word. Though she received more than one favour through his hands, she never saw him.

Her life was very secluded, but not unhappy. Of Mr. Chichester she never heard. There were long and wearisome days, it is true, but after the first year it became more endurable.

Ten, he had said, or twenty years. Would he not forget her long before that? And if he did, it was all right. Heaven had saved her in the time of evil.

She counted them slowly—five. She was young and beautiful. No change had come to her or Mrs. Woods.

But one drizzly March morning a coach halted at the door, and Mrs. Chichester was summoned. Mr. Endicott stood in the hall.

"Will you come with me to visit all that is left of the man who was once your husband?" he said.

She followed him. In a respectable lodging-house lay the coffin body of Ralph Chichester. The face was thin but calm, scarcely a thread of white streaked the raven locks.

Afterwards he told her how he had found Mr. Chichester and cared for him to the last. He had never asked for her—whether she were living or dead.

And then followed a long silence; but he came again one summer day and redeemed his promise.

His love had been purified, and was worthy of any woman's acceptance.

A. M. D.

PHOTO-SCULPTURE.—Photo-sculpture is becoming the rage in Paris. People are no longer satisfied with a *carte-de-visite* for their album. Before 1867 shall have come to an end people will be collecting sculpture galleries of their friends. "I must beg the favour of your statue for my collection" will be an ordinary request in polite society.

A LONG DANCE.—An ingenious French mathematician has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle who is fond of the salutary exercise of dancing traverses in the gay saloons of Paris amounts, in the course of one dancing-season, to four hundred and thirty-four miles and a half. He has also estimated that a French lady, fond of performing the functions of a testotum, would spin round in a waltz in one night as many times as the wheels of a steamboat revolve while running the distance between Dover and Calais.

LARGE PIN MONEY.—In the Court of Chancery the case of "Fletcher v. Moore" was heard in the form of a petition, by the Hon. Robert Cotton, to be let into possession as a tenant for life, under his wife's settlement, of valuable estates in Cheshire and Lancashire. The petitioner's wife was the grand-daughter of Ellis Fletcher, and under his will entitled to large property in the above counties; and on her marriage in June last, when both she and the petitioner were under age, this property was settled under the Infant Settlement

Act, upon trust for the petitioner for life, to secure the lady the unusually large amount of £4,000 a year for pin money, and an additional sum of £2,000 for other purposes. The settlement provided for letting the tenant for life into possession of the estates and collieries in due course, and the husband being now of age, applied to the court for that purpose. After a short discussion his honour made an order that the petitioner should be let into possession, he undertaking to pay the pin money and the £2,000 half-yearly.

OLIVER DARVEL.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mrs. MINTURN endeavoured to soothe Mabel by the assurance that Mr. Tilson could do nothing against her, as it would be next to impossible for him to prove that his nephew was still in existence; and she believed his threat to go to law on such grounds a mere bravado, uttered to annoy his daughter, against whom he evidently cherished a feeling of bitter hostility.

In reply to her reasonings poor Mabel murmured: "But I am sure that this story is founded on truth. A circumstance, which I have hitherto considered supernatural, convinces me of it. One night, before you came to me, I was sitting in this room alone, so sad—oh! so sadly dreaming over the past, when something occurred that hitherto I have been unable to explain. Observe how the south window is situated with regard to the opposite mirror. I sat in such a position that I could look in the glass. I happened to glance towards it, when I distinctly saw the face of Oliver, pallid as that of the dead, and so changed that I supposed it was his wraith, come to take a last farewell of me.

"Before I recovered sufficiently to move or cry out he disappeared. For several moments I sat as if paralyzed, but when I at last rushed into the yard I saw only vacancy. But a boat passed the terrace wall while I stood looking out in the dim light, and the next day I found that the flowers were trampled down in the path leading to the boat-house stairs.

"These incidents awakened a faint hope that Oliver might yet be living, but the circumstantial evidence brought to bear upon his fate soon destroyed it. Now it has sprung to life again, and I believe that his living face looked in upon me on that night. Yes—he came to look on me once more, and I know that he loves me as truly as ever."

Mrs. MINTURN looked pityingly upon her young companion's agitated face, and she softly asked:

"So you believe that it would be better for your happiness or welfare, my child, that Oliver should be restored to life? To respectability, I am afraid, he has bidden a long farewell."

"Don't say that, Mrs. MINTURN; I cannot bear it. Oliver might have committed an error in judgment, but that he is either dishonourable or base I will never believe. If he lives I shall yet know it, and I will share with him the fortune to which I have no right while he lives. I will find means to join him, carrying with me his wealth, and in some other land we can find the happiness and security that would be denied to him in this. Let him only warn me that he awaits my coming in any land to which he may go, and I will make my way to him through every obstacle. Oh! you do not know how perfect is my trust in the unspotted integrity of my cousin. Yes—he is incapable of doing anything mean, and I love him as I shall never love any other human being. I know that we can be supremely happy together."

"Yes, my dear, that is the dream of every devoted heart, but it is painful to think how seldom it is realized. In this case my fears for your future would largely predominate over my hopes, for you would risk everything in accepting such a fate as you seem eager to embrace. But we will defer these considerations till we are certain that there is some foundation for what we have learned to-day."

"No," said Mabel, decisively. "I cannot defer them, for it is necessary to act on them. If I would baffle my father I must lose no time in taking my own measures. Will you go with me to London as soon as you can get ready, Mrs. MINTURN?"

"My dear Mabel, what are you thinking of? Why should we go this afternoon?"

"Because I consider it necessary to consult with Mr. Denton. Since he has become my friend and adviser I feel such confidence in his judgment that I am willing to trust to it in this strange contingency. All my property, except this place, is in money in his bank; it has not yet been invested, and it is my purpose to seek him at once and request him to buy foreign securities, giving him, at the same time, my true reasons for desiring him to do so. He will understand that I am only honest in wishing to restore to my cousin what is indisputably his own. If my father should carry out his threat he will have

only this place left to console him for the loss of the remainder of my uncle's fortune."

In much perturbation Mrs. MINTURN said:

"My dear Mabel, only wait a few days; gain some farther confirmation of the vague news we have heard before you take so strange a step as this. If Mr. Darvel is really living, and cannot return to England, I believe he will make known his existence to you."

"I know he will, therefore I must be prepared to meet him with the proofs that I do not intend to defraud him either of love or fortune. My poor Oliver must have suffered much—oh, so much—since we last met, that it is my duty to have such consolation as I can afford him ready for his acceptance when we again clasp hands. Don't say another word to dissuade me, Mrs. MINTURN, for I have made up my mind to go on this errand, and if you love me you will not refuse to accompany me."

"Of course I cannot let you go on such an expedition alone, though I am afraid, when Mr. Denton understands the object of our visit, he will think we are both demented."

"There is little danger of that. He thinks what I do always right and proper," and, with a faint attempt to smile on her old friend, Mabel hurried out to give orders for the carriage to be brought to the door as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XXXV.

In half an hour the two ladies were on their way to London, and almost in silence they were bowled along over the smooth road.

The ground they passed over is now covered with streets and houses, but for miles from Farnley it was, at that day, open country, dotted with private residences surrounded by handsome grounds.

Mabel gave orders to be driven to the private residence of Mr. Denton, for he had already taken upon himself the state of a Benedict, and set up a fine establishment in a fashionable quarter of the town.

She knew that at this hour she would not find him at the bank, and as the two ladies knew the bride he had chosen, and liked her, they had no scruples in driving to the magnificent residence over which Mabel could have presided had it been her will to do so.

As the unpretending vehicle of Miss Tilson drew up in front of the marble steps a coroneted carriage was driven aside to make room for it.

Mabel devoutly hoped there was no company with the master of the house, and she lightly ascended the steps, and gave her card to the servant, saying:

"Take this to Mr. Denton, if you please."

The man seemed doubtful if he had heard her aright, for he said:

"Mrs. Denton receives to-day, ma'am!"

"I wish to see Mr. Denton on business. Here—give me back my card, and I will write a line on it."

With a pencil she hastily scribbled on the back of the card:

"I beg that you will receive me for ten minutes, as I have something most important to consult you about."

The servant civilly ushered her into a private parlour, and left her to convey her message to his employer.

After a brief delay Mr. Denton appeared, looking the very incarnation of prosperity and contentment. He cordially greeted both ladies, and then, turning to Mabel, said:

"I can divine what has brought you hither, Miss Tilson. You have been reading the mysterious paragraph that appeared in a morning paper concerning that unhappy affair."

"Yes; my father brought it to me, and out of his visit, and a threat he uttered, grew my present call. Should that statement concerning Oliver Darvel prove correct, Mr. Denton, could a lawsuit be successfully brought by my father to gain possession of the fortune left by Uncle James?"

Mr. Denton hesitated a moment and then replied: "I am not lawyer enough to decide that question, Miss Tilson, but I am afraid that your father would give you all the annoyance in his power, and perhaps put you to much expense."

Mabel impressively replied:

"I am afraid that I must agree with you, Mr. Denton, and I came hither to confide in you, as in a man of honour and a true friend, for I believe you to be both."

"I hope so; you may trust me, Miss Tilson, for I shall seek to serve you to the best of my ability."

"And you will secretly guard a secret I wish to confide to you?"

"As if it were my own. I am not a man of many words, but I never forfeit a promise I have once made."

Mabel then went on to relate all that had happened that afternoon, and to develop the plan she had

thought of to baffle her father's cupidity, and save her cousin from the risk of returning to his native land. She earnestly continued:

"I will cause an advertisement to be inserted in the leading newspapers here and in Paris, worded in such a manner that if it meets the eyes of Oliver he must recognize it as addressed to himself. In that I will warn him against venturing to England, and request him to communicate with me under a feigned name. Don't you think that will produce some satisfactory result?"

"I cannot say," was the cautious reply. "It may not chance to be seen by Mr. Darvel, but we will hope for the best."

"And you will serve me in the other matter, Mr. Denton? You will invest the money in your hands in such foreign securities as you may think safest?"

"I have only been awaiting your orders, Miss Tilson; luckily I have had a good opportunity to purchase stocks in the colonies; the investment will be perfectly safe, and will, I think, pay a better interest than we can get here. I am only responsible to you for the money you have placed in my hands, and I will lose no time in carrying out your wishes, lest your father should tie my hands by some absurd law proceeding. When it is transferred as you wish, and you have the vouchers in your own possession, it will rest with yourself to surrender them or not. I shall only act as your agent and personal friend in this matter, and my earnest wish is to secure you from all chance of again becoming dependent on Mr. Tilson."

"Thank you, my good friend; I believe we understand each other now, and I will no longer trespass on your time."

She arose from her seat, and Mr. Denton warmly said:

"You can never trespass on me, Miss Tilson. Singular as is the confidence with which you have honoured me, I feel that I am worthy of it. I understand your anxiety to prove to your unfortunate cousin that you can never consent to accept prosperity gained at his expense. This money you can control, and if Oliver Darvel is living I know that you will seek him and share it with him. Such a woman as you would readily sacrifice home and fatherland for the sake of the man she loves. I only hope that Mr. Darvel will prove worthy of the prize I see he will win."

A soft smile wreathed the lip of Mabel, and she put out her hand, and warmly grasped that of the banker.

"You are my best friend, Mr. Denton, and I trust you implicitly in this transaction. Pray attend to it at once, for I believe that no time is to be lost."

"I understand the necessity of immediate action, and you shall have no cause to complain of delay, Miss Tilson. To-morrow afternoon I will come to Farnley, bringing with me the certificates of your new investment. Will it not be best for you to leave the advertisement you spoke of with me? I will send it to the leading papers to-night, and have it inserted in the Paris and Hamburg journals as soon as possible."

"Thank you for the suggestion. There is a desk and paper on this table. I will sit here and write what I wish to say."

Mabel, in a flutter of excitement, took the pen in her hand to trace the lines which might have such important results to herself, and the yearning cry of her heart found expression in the following words:

"To O. D.—Oliver, my own Oliver, if your eyes ever fall on these words, you will know who penned them. Be warned in time; venture not into the lion's jaws, for they will close and crush you. Only let me know where you are to be found, and I will go to you, bearing with me what is justly your own. Write to M. T., London."

While she was thus employed Mrs. MINTURN drew Mr. Denton to one side, and spoke in a low voice.

"I am sorry, sir, that you gave such encouragement to this wild notion of Miss Tilson's. I am really afraid that she is fatally compromising her happiness, for if her cousin did not kill himself I cannot consider him worthy to win my young friend. The suspicious circumstances attending his removal from this country, if removed he was, must throw an indelible stain upon his good name."

"My dear madam, you need have no fears on that account," replied the banker, in the same guarded tone. "The young man will not be heard of again, though I would not tell Miss Tilson so. I have seen how deeply his fate affected her, and I pity her from the bottom of my heart. The excitement of this new hope will arouse her from the apathy of feeling she has lately complained of, and in the end it will do her good. Nothing can come of this, be sure, though it would have been of no use to insist on that to her. Let her take her own measures, and when she finds that nothing results from them, she will bury this sad episode in her life in oblivion, and consent to

enter society again. I have always found that nothing is to be gained from a woman by opposing what she has set her heart on. I attended the inquest on the body of the suicide, looked over the effects left in his room, and there is not a doubt left in my mind that the man who killed himself was Oliver Darvel. The newspaper article was only one of those sensational things which produce much talk for a day, and are then forgotten."

"I am most happy to hear you say so, Mr. Denton, for I confess to you that I should be very sorry to have this equivocal young man return to strip Mabel of her fortune, or to claim her as his wife. I think, however, that Mr. Tilson places more faith in the newspaper article than you do."

"Because it may prove to his interest to believe in it. I do not think that he could do more than annoy his daughter, even if Darvel turned up again; but he could and would do that, till she would be at last forced to bribe him heavily to leave her at peace. I shall secure her money at once where it will be out of her father's reach, but you may feel assured that Darvel will never return to claim a penny of it."

"I trust not, indeed."

At that moment the two were joined by Mabel, who, in tremulous tones, read what she had written. She then eagerly went on:

"You will cause daily inquiry to be made for me at the post-office, Mr. Denton, and send me whatever comes for M. T. Oh, how earnestly I shall watch for the appearance of the postman, and how dreary will be my disappointment should this produce no result."

"I will inquire myself every day, Miss Tilson, and if a letter comes I promise to send it to you by a special messenger without a moment's delay. Now that we have settled this affair will you not go in a few moments and see Mrs. Denton? I believe you have not called on her since our marriage."

"I have not yet visited anyone, and I beg that you will excuse me to-day. I cannot talk on general subjects when my heart is so full of my own affairs. I shall soon see Mrs. Denton, however, for your wife must become my friend."

"I hope so, indeed," and the portly banker, much to the surprise of his lackeys, descended the steps of his stately mansion, and placed the two ladies in their unpretending carriage.

Neither spoke till they had been many moments alone, and then Mabel, with a deep sigh, said:

"I can plainly see that you are not pleased with what I have done, Mrs. Minturn. But you would rejoice with me at this glimpse of light if you could only see what a load it has lifted from my mind. Since that fearful news was brought to me I have been haunted with the form of Oliver, rising before my mental vision stained with the blood his own hand had shed—deprived of all chance of future happiness by the most irredeemable of crimes; I could not even indulge the hope that we might be reunited hereafter. Oh, Mrs. Minturn, help me to believe that I shall find my cousin and restore him to hope and happiness."

The burst of emotion with which the last words were uttered was so unusual with the self-controlled Mabel that the old lady was appalled by it, and she hastened to say:

"My dear, if it be the will of heaven, Mr. Darvel will be restored to you—I hope, cleared from the sad suspicions that now cloud his good name. But you must not give way to hysterical doubts and fears as to the result of what you have just done."

Mabel dried the tears that had sprung to her eyes, and more calmly said:

"I have neither doubts nor fears as to my own actions, for I have only done what common honesty demands. I am only afraid now that my warning may be too late, for Oliver may already have returned to London. Mr. Denton so readily lent himself to my wishes that I am sure he takes the same view of the affair as I do myself."

After a slight pause Mrs. Minturn ventured to say: "My love, I think it wrong to encourage fallacious hopes. Mr. Denton endeavoured to soothe your excitement by appearing to enter into your views on this subject; but he privately assured me that nothing can come of this inquiry. He thinks the article that so deeply aroused you had no foundation in truth. Pardon me, my dear Mabel, if I seem hard, but I only wish to save you from a degree of nervous excitement that must prove injurious to you, ending, as I am sure it will, in disappointment."

"How can you, or anyone else, answer as to that?" Mabel passionately asked. "I will not believe it; and I will clutch this now-born hope to my heart as long as it is tenable. When it dies—well—let me die with it, for I shall then have very little left to live for."

"Mabel, my dear child, I scarcely know you under this new phase of character. You, who have

uniformly been so gentle, so self-controlled, seem now to have cast aside all restraint. No disappointment can destroy our responsibility to Him who created us, and to you has been given the trust of riches. You will have much to live for, even if this new hope should die out."

"Don't talk like that to me, if you please, Mrs. Minturn. The fortune you seem to estimate so highly will be valueless to me if I cannot find its lawful owner and restore it to him. Don't talk to me of duties, for I feel so wicked that I am afraid I am ready to ignore them all if I am again robbed of the hope that Oliver never committed the fatal act which will consign him to everlasting perdition. I asked you to help me to believe in his ultimate restoration, and this is the way you respond to me."

She threw herself back in an agony of tears, and Mrs. Minturn felt that in her zeal for her young friend's respectability she had overstepped the bounds of humanity.

She was a thoroughly kind-hearted woman, and she hastened to offer such atonement as was possible, for she began to comprehend how vital to Mabel's happiness was the solution of Oliver's fate, and she almost trembled at the thought that Mr. Denton might be correct in the view he took of the matter.

Twilight began to gather around them soon after they left, and they had yet several miles to pass over before reaching Fernely.

Of late several outrages had been committed in the vicinity of London by an organized band of robbers, who had as yet evaded the efforts of the police to arrest them.

As the darkness increased Mrs. Minturn recalled the accounts she had read in the daily papers, and she feared that they might not be permitted to pass un molested through a thick woodland which lay near Fernely.

Absorbed in her own emotions Mabel forgot all about the recent robberies, and sat back in her corner of the carriage with her veil drawn over her face, trying to rekindle the hopes which her companion had so cruelly damped.

Suddenly there was a violent crash, and the vehicle was tilted so far to one side that it was in imminent danger of going over an embankment, but it was suddenly righted as if by an exertion of powerful strength on the part of someone on the outside, and a courteous voice spoke through the open window:

"I am sorry to trouble you, ladies, but necessity has no law. You have money, and I have none, and all I require at your hands is a temporary loan, which I am aware you are quite able to make. Such money as you have about you will be acceptable to one so much at odds with fortune as I am."

This address, coming from a highwayman, was so singular that Mabel, knowing how entirely they were at his mercy, instantly replied:

"I am willing to supply your wants, sir, on the condition that we are permitted to pass on our way unharmed. I have five sovereigns in my pocket, to which you are quite welcome."

"I am sorry to be reduced to this necessity, Miss Tilson, for I now recognize your voice. I will accept the money, but as an equivalent I will make you a present which I believe will be acceptable to you, and of which I am sure you will take the best care. Hand out the shiners, my fair heiress, for you have plenty more where they came from, and I promise you that you shall be no farther molested."

When her name was so familiarly uttered Mabel made an effort to obtain a glimpse of the speaker, but the faint light only enabled her to see that his face was craped, and he held a pistol in one hand, with which he kept the driver in check, while the other rested on the carriage window.

Mrs. Minturn drew out her own purse in a perfect quiver of alarm, but the highwayman seemed not to notice her, and he only took the gold Mabel drew from her pocket and offered him. He politely thanked her, and then, lifting a dark bundle which had rested on the side of the road, he unclosed the door and threw it into the carriage.

Regardless of the cry of astonishment which issued from the lips of the ladies, he slammed the door violently to, gave the horses a cut, and as the carriage dashed rapidly onward his voice was heard crying out:

"Do your duty as Christian women by the wail the gods have sent you!"

"Good heavens! it is a child!" exclaimed Mrs. Minturn as the warm and breathing form came in contact with her person. "Whoever heard of throwing a human being about like a bale of goods before! I hope he hasn't killed it, and thrown it on our hands to bury."

A faint moan escaped the little creature, and Mabel said:

"It is not dead, but it seems to be suffering. Call to John to drive as rapidly as possible, for I must

ascertain the condition of this poor infant without delay."

John scarcely needed the order, for he was too anxious to regain the security of his own stable to tarry long on the way. The foaming horses soon drew up in front of the house at Fernely, and Mabel sprang from the carriage and held out her arms for the wail so strangely conveyed to her.

She hurried in, followed closely by Mrs. Minturn, and placing her burden on a sofa, unrolled the large dark shawl in which the child was enveloped.

The fairy form of a little girl apparently from five to six years of age lay within, and although she moaned in her sleep as if in pain, she was evidently under the influence of so powerful a narcotic that all the rough handling she had lately received had been powerless to arouse her.

A quantity of soft, waving black hair fell around a low, broad brow, and the delicate fairness of her complexion, the clear moulding of the charming features, proved to Mabel's satisfaction that this deserted little one was of gentle blood.

"This child comes from no common stock. Strangely as she has been thrown on my protection, I feel sure that those to whom she lawfully belongs are people of the better classes. What is your opinion, Mrs. Minturn?"

"Oh, dear, I haven't recovered from my fright sufficiently to form one yet. It is the strangest thing I ever heard of in my life, and if the man hadn't robbed us I should believe that we were only stopped to force this burden upon you. What can you do with a strange child, I should like to know?"

"I can act towards her as if she were one of the responsibilities of which you spoke this evening," replied Mabel, with a faint smile. "The face of this forlorn little creature interests me deeply, and I think I shall obey the parting injunction of the highwayman, to do my duty as a Christian towards the wail heaven has sent me."

"Wait a little, Mabel, and see what the child is like first. She is well enough to look at, but we don't know what may grow out of this singular adventure. She may have been sent to you only as a snare. She may open your doors to burglars—we have often heard of such things being done."

"How could such a baby as this be tutored to such wickedness? Look at her tiny figure, at her innocent face, and see how absurd your suspicions are. I scarcely think she can be more than five years old, and a child of that age could scarcely be taught such evil. No—that man knew me, and evidently meant to give the child to me. I believe the robbery was a mere pretext for stopping the carriage, and the mystery attending the affair inclines me to retain the little girl under my own care. When she wakes she can probably throw some light on her antecedents."

"Let us examine her clothing; perhaps there may be some written document about her that may afford a clue to the mystery."

Mabel at once acted on this suggestion, and her search was rewarded by finding a paper pinned beneath the child's apron, on which was written, in a cramped and almost illegible hand:

"Suffer little children to come unto me. If such were the divine command of the Saviour of mankind, you, to whom this fair little angel will be given, will not refuse to receive her in the name of Him who uttered those beautiful words."

"The ornament she wears upon her breast must be carefully preserved; and when she is old enough to appear in society, let her always wear it on some conspicuous portion of her dress; thus the friends who in time may chance to lose sight of her will be enabled to identify her should they meet her. At some future day she may be restored to her own, but at present her only safety is in obscurity. Guard her as your life, for she is worthy of it."

Mabel eagerly bent over the sleeping child and unclasped a breastpin of singular design and exquisite workmanship. It was a golden eagle with ruby eyes and diamond claws, and the tips of the expanded wings were fringed with small brilliants of the purest water.

She held it before Mrs. Minturn, and exclaimed:

"Look at this costly pin. The mystery deepens, and I am now sure that I shall keep the child till it is cleared up. She was given to me, and I intend to be a mother to her."

Mrs. Minturn examined the ornament, pronounced the jewels genuine, and after another long look at the slumbering infant she said:

"I must change my opinion concerning her. She is evidently of importance to someone, and she has been put out of the way in this underhand manner either to save her from imminent danger, or to get rid of her, it is impossible to decide which. Her clothing is of the finest material, and she is too delicate and lady-like in her appearance to have been reared among common people. I believe the best thing you can do, my dear, will be to retain

her with you for the present. She will, at least, serve to amuse and occupy your leisure hours."

"I am glad you think so, for I have already made up my mind to accept the trust which it seems was confided to me."

The servants came crowding in to see the present their mistress had so strangely received, and wonder was at its height.

Mabel took the precaution to conceal the pin and note, and to their eager inquiries as to what she intended to do with the helpless little creature, she smilingly replied that she had made up her mind to adopt her as her own, if the charge did not prove too great.

When the excitement had in some measure subsided supper was served, but the new guest could not be aroused from the profound sleep that bound her senses, to partake of it.

Many times did Mabel go to her side and feel her pulse, to see if she were suffering, but the faint moans gradually ceased, and the little stranger slept calmly and sweetly beneath the roof to which she had been so singularly introduced.

A bed was made up for her on the sofa in Miss Tilson's room, and it was late on the following day before she exhibited any signs of shaking off the oppressive weight of the opiate she had taken.

Mabel watched over her during the hours of early morning, but she finally left her maid to that duty, and went out to breathe the fresh air and dream over the new hopes and duties which had arisen before her.

Earnest were the prayers she lifted to heaven for guidance and help, and she felt the comforting assurance that they would be granted if it were well for her that they should be.

A summons from the house broke in on her meditations, and she hastily repaired to the side of her newly awakened protégée.

(To be continued.)

FACETIÆ.

WHY is love like Scotch plaid?—Because it is all stuff, and often crossed.

SOME women take such delight in scolding that it would be cruel not to give them occasion for it.

IRISH TESTIMONY.—An Irishman, giving his testimony in one of our courts, a few days since, in a riot case said, "Be jabbers, the first man I saw coming at me, when I got up, was two brickbats."

"I DECLARE, Mr. Goldthumb, you have read everything." "Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunk-maker it would be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country!"

NOISE.—What is it that goes when a waggon goes, stops when a waggon stops, it is no use to the waggon, and yet the waggon cannot go without it?—The noise of the wheels.

A HINT TO FATHERS OF LARGE FAMILIES.

An Irishman, having a large family, found it rather hard to keep up the table, and adopted the following plan:

At evening, just before supper, he calls his children around him and addresses them as follows:

"Who'll take a half-penny and do without his supper?"

"I, I, I!" exclaim the children, to get the prize.

The old man pulls out a pocketful of halfpennies, which he keeps for the occasion, and after giving them one a piece, sends them off to bed.

Next morning they all look like starved Arabs.

The old man calls them around him, and with an air of gravity, asks:

"Who'll give a halfpenny to have a nice warm biscuit for breakfast?"

It is needless to say that the halfpennies are forthcoming.

"MR. JONES, I understand you said I sold you a barrel of cider that had water in it?" "No, no," was the reply; "I only said that you sold me a barrel of water with a little cider in it."

FORENSIC WIT.—In the reign of George II. the bill for increase of judges' salaries was carried by 169 to 39, on which Charles Townshend said, "The Book of Judges has been saved by the Book of Numbers."

EQUINE SAGACITY.—"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No, sir." "What makes him stop, then?" "Oh, he's afraid somebody will say whoa, and he shan't hear it."

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.—Little Jennie is a four-year-old, with a decided repugnance to keeping still or donning the airs of the prim young ladies by acting "proper" on all occasions. Her mother was about making a visit to an absent sister, and designed having Miss Jennie accompany her. So she says: "Now, Jennie, when we get to Aunt Clara's I want

you to be a good little girl and not act so rudely as you do at home." "Ma," says Jennie, in sober earnest, "how long are you going to stay at aunt's?" "About a week, I think," says her mother. "Well," says Miss Jennie, very decidedly, "if I have got to behave myself a whole week I shan't go!" And sure enough she did not go. The sacrifice was evidently too great.

FISHING CONUNDRUM.—What fish may be said to be out of place?—A perch in a bird cage; a skate in a cutler's shop; a plaice on the top of an omnibus; a sole at the bottom of your foot; whiting cleaning plate; and a mussel in a lady's neck.

VERY COMMON SPORT.—Alexandre Dumas, the elder, returning from a day's sport at the country seat of a friend, with a perfectly empty game-bag, was asked, "Well, mon cher, what have you killed?" "Time," was the quiet reply.

A NICE DISTINCTION.—A barber remarked to a customer in his hands that he thought the cholera was in the hair. "Then you ought to be very careful what brushes you use," was the reply. "Oh, sir," said the barber, laughing, "I don't mean the air of the 'ed, but the hair of the *atmosphère*."

IT IS NOT YOUR BUSINESS WHY.

The following lines are not limited to any particular locality, but are applicable to every neighbourhood:

Would you like to know the secrets
Of your neighbour's house and life?
How he lives, or how he doesn't,
And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time of leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
To the concert or the play?
If you wish it, I will tell you—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If your neighbour is but civil,
It is not your business why.

In short, instead of prying
Into other men's affairs,
If you do your own but justice,
You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
As concern yourself alone,
And whatever fortune flatters,
Let your business be your own.
One word by way of finish—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If you wish to be respected,
You must cease to be a pry.

A FREQUENT INVESTMENT.—A roaming youth that claimed he had made a vast deal of money in one part of the world and another, on being asked what he had done with it, said he had invested it in houses and lots. On farther inquiry it turned out to be in eating-houses and lots of rum.

LEARNED SOMETHING.

A good joke is told at the expense of a suburban school-teacher, who kept after school a youngster who had manifested a great aversion to acquiring additional learning, and in the course of the reprimand the teacher said:

"Now, James, can you tell me one single thing you have learned since the quarter commenced?"
"Yes, I have learned one thing."
"What is it?"

"Well, I've learned where there is a chestnut tree that none of the boys know anything about, and I was going there for nuts if you hadn't kept me after school."

DURING a great storm on the Pacific Ocean a vessel was lately wrecked, and a Quaker, tossing to and fro on a plank, exclaimed, over the crest of a wave to another who was drifting by on a barrel, "Friend, dost thou call this Pacific?"

"WHAT'S the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr. —, as old Jeremiah R— was passing by, growling most ferociously. "Matter," said the old man, stopping short; "why, here I have been lugging water all the morning for Dr. O—'s wife to wash with, and what do you suppose I got for it?" "Why, I suppose about sixpence," said Mr. —. "Sixpence. She told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

ON FASHION'S HEAD HORRORS ACCUMULATE.

Among other highly interesting scraps of fashionable intelligence we are charmed to see the following:

"Artificial insects are still worn in the collure, there being an especial favour for gilt butterflies." Artificial flowers are pretty ornaments enough, although we must confess we have a preference for real ones. But what are we to say of artificial insects? Fancy Clara with her head full of artificial earwigs! Imagine Henrietta with her beautiful blue curls adorned by a small family of artificial bluebottles!

Conceive the horror of poor Edwin, when asking Angelina for a lock of her back hair to find in it a lot of artificial cockroaches! Think of your wife's wearing caterpillars on her head with the view of adding to her caterpillari attractions. Imagine any fair one with golden locks having the bad taste to adorn them with gilt butterflies! How empty must be the inside of a head of which the outside is quite full of artificial insects.

AN OBVIOUS REASON.—Under the head of "Prose Parisienne," the other day, appeared this paragraph:—"As none of the evening papers have been published this evening, we suppress our accustomed review of the press." Which reminds one of the speech of the worthy mayor whose business it was to receive Henry IV., on his entering his town: "Sire, we have not received your Majesty by firing the usual salute, for eighteen reasons; first, we have no cannon." "Monsieur le Maire," interrupted Henry, "your first reason is so admirable it will save you the trouble of giving me the seventeen subsequent ones."

PROVERB BY OUR SERVANT-OF-ALL-WORK.—Wishes won't wash dishes.—Punch.

A WARNING TO OXFORD.—It may not be generally known that logic is a most intoxicating study, it being so easy to get drunk on the premises.—Punch.

MUSICAL.—A certain admirable tenor always refreshes himself with oysters before he sings "In Native Worth."—Punch.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.—We never see a lady with her hair frizzled out in front without fearing lest some wag should tell us that he thinks she ought to call it *cheveux de fris*.—Punch.

THE VERY LATEST FASHION.

Wife. "Have you lost your watch, love?"
Husband. "No, dear, 'twas a new bonnet I had for you somewhere."—Punch.

VARIATION ON THE BONES.—A Lecture was advertised, the other day, "On the Skeletons of the Primates,"—by, we suppose, the kind permission of the Three Graces; that is, his Grace of Canterbury, his of York, and his of Dublin.—Punch.

DEGENERATE!—General Sir Martinet Buckram Stock writes us a furious letter on the subject of regimental dress. We extract the following: "What, sir," says he, "are we cowards? Are we going to turn our backs on the enemy? Is it for this reason that our soldiers are to be costumed more with a view to running than to fighting? Shame!"—Punch.

WHAT'S MISSING JUST NOW?—People say that they don't care. But they ought to care. One member of the baronetage is out of the way, and we fear is being ill-treated. For we read in the Times that a respectable firm of auctioneers announce the sale of a quantity of wine, "the property of a baronet, now lying in his cellar."—Punch.

WHY should not you count your chickens before they are hatched?—Because the eggs may turn out b-a-d-d-l-e-y.—Pun.

GARDENING.

During the present inclement weather don't set anything—not even your foot—in your garden.

This is rather too early for sowing, but a little darning may be done.

The chief operations after Christmas will be found to be pruning your outlay and cutting down expenditure. If you don't like this, and prefer hoeing, you can (howe) your butcher's bill.

Things are apt to be backward with such variable weather. If your crops don't come up, there's no remedy for it. Should your dinner, however, not come up when you ring, you can ring again.

It is too early to stick peas yet, but your pigs and your children may require it.—Pun.

TRAVELLERS and tourists who purpose visiting Italy will be interested to know that at length the railway from Rome to Florence has been completed. The two capitals are now only twelve hours apart, a fact of considerable importance in a political as well as a travelling point of view.

RECENT DEATHS IN ROYAL FAMILIES.—Sixteen deaths are recorded in the sovereign families of Europe, eight of the male sex and eight females, viz., the Landgrave Ferdinand of Hesse Homburg (last of his race, whose patrimony devolved upon Hesse-Darmstadt, and has since been conquered by Prussia); Dom Miguel of Portugal, great-uncle of the King; Prince Otto of Italy, son of the King; Prince Louis Philippe de Condé (son of the Duke d'Aumale, 21 years of age); Prince Anton of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen (aged 25); Prince Henry XH. Reuss (junior branch); Prince Sigismund of Prussia (son of the Crown Prince, two years of age); and the youngest son of the Queen of Spain (only three weeks old). The eight females are two dowagers—Queen Marie Amélie, ex-Queen of the French (née Princess of

Sicily), and the Countess Caroline de Waldeck (née Baronesse Lanstätt); three married Princesses—Princess Louise von Holstein-Sonderburg-Angustenburg (wife of the Prince Michael Handjeri), Princess Sophy of Liechtenstein, wife of Prince Frederick (née Loewe), and Fran von Frankenberg, morganatic wife of Prince Charles of Bavaria (née Schaller); three unmarried Princesses—Princess Philippine of Reuss Schleiss (sister of the reigning Prince, aged 86 years), Princess Catherine of Oldenburg (20 years), and Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria (daughter of Archduke Joseph, aged one year).

EXCELSIOR.

THE very word has an intonation that, Prometheus-like, inspires our souls with energy to do and to dare—to move on towards the great plan of action. Life is very strange! its vicissitudes are enigmatical, its evolutions are wonderful, its movements inexplicable! It is said "life is a stage, and we all play a part." It is true, life is a stage, but do we all act our part, and do we act it well? No; thousands only exist mere automatons; they breathe out an aimless existence, then sink to oblivion.

It is incomprehensible to me how beings, endowed with intellect and mind, capable of acquiring knowledge, can fritter the golden moments away in rounds of idleness and frivolity. The youth of the present age do not read enough of solid literature—do not study enough; the road to erudition is wide, and what if myriads do throng its enchanted precincts; you, too, can run the race. Follow the golden lines of unceasing action, and they will lead you to the magical fountain.

There is a species of idlers called speculators—I mean visionary speculating in regard to the future. 'Tis pitiable to see a strong man live day after day in the shadow of the sometime; he shuts his eyes, and lo! a vision, far off on the enamelled plain of the "To-come" appears; then he will do so and so; when he makes such an acquirement he will rear himself a fabric of splendour; then he will sway the throng with the sceptre of power, then he will stand on the "Parnassus of Fame;" then he will find ease and happiness! Oh, foolish speculator! that then will never come. Daily you will read fair fabrics and dream dreams, and daily will your fabrics fall, your dreams fade, till you and your visions will pass into the vale of the unknown. Rouse the faculties that have lain dormant! Act for the present! Be vigorous, heroic, and persevering! While the Now looms in strange beauty around you, improve it.

It is terrible that we should ever be vassals to inactivity, poor, pitiful Andromedas, chained for ages to the "rock of Indolence!" The mass of the young ladies of the day are deplorably superficial! What hinders them from possessing the decision, the energy, the strength of mind and character that man possesses, or from engaging in the active, useful duties of life? Oh, ye dreamers, ye languishers, ye sentimentalists, cease to loiter, to idle, to fritter your life away! Read more, and little by little shall the colossal pall of ignorance fade, and rare scintillas from the dome of the intellectual will illumine the Mæonian gloom.

Think not alone of fame, glory, and the world's adulation; they are allusive but false sirens who wreath the brow with anademes, but every coronet conceals a thorn, and at best they leave a legacy of sorrow and unrest. But acquire knowledge for the benefit of the world, that you may be fitted to work out a noble, a glorious destiny; that you may be useful, and live for a noble aim.

Knowledge vast, profound, unlimited. The thought quickens the pulses, and thrills every fibre of our existence. Where is the soul of genius who does not bless God that knowledge is free, that it can be acquired? Who does not, at times, feel as if every chord of his being were touched by a hand unseen, which produces thrill after thrill of impassioned melody? Who does not feel as if he would willingly endure the torture of Tantalus for a decade of time, if but for one year he could stand on the dazzling eminence of Wisdom, tear the veil from the mighty arcana of knowledge, and read the mysteries of lore? Ah!

That were a life to live for;
Not this weak human life,
With its transient, vain frivolities,
Its feverish, cordid strife!

Aye, let Excelsior be your motto! Cease, oh, youth, to make pleasure the chief pursuit of life; 'tis but a life of wild and feverish excitement, and will leave a dower of remorse and weariness. Be determined, be energetic! Act in the beautiful, shadowy, expectant dawn of the present, waiting for the more glorious light of perfect day. Press on! The curtain of progress will slowly rise; star after star of brilliant success will spangle the dome of being; the aurora of effort will gild thy horizon, and the song of genius be in thy path. Then, "after life's final fever," ye will not

only sleep well, but thy still active mind will take its flight to infinitude, and there, in the Pantheon of all knowledge, thou wilt see and know the splendour of the golden aisles, the pearly gates, the diamond wall, of the white temple of realization.

G. W.

TWENTY YEARS.

SHE nears the land—the boat that brings

My wand'ring boy again to me;
The sturdy rowers lend her wings,
And now each sunburnt face I see.
Among them all I mark not him—
It is not that with rising tears
My watchful eyes are weak and dim;
It is the lapse of twenty years.

He left me when a little lad,
A lad! a babe; I see him now,
I hear his voice so frank and glad,
I stroke the curls upon his brow.
My son returns across the main,
But brings not back the time that's fled;
I shall not hear the voice again,
I shall not pat the childish head.

Perhaps a trace I yet may find
Of boyhood in his look or tone;
A glance—an accent, to remind
Me still of hopeful visions gone.
His mother's smile may greet me, when
We hold each other hand in hand;
His mother's voice may echo then
A blessing from the spirit land.

The boat comes on; a minute more
She'll grate upon the beach. And see
Who rises now to spring on shore?
Who waves his cap aloft? 'Tis he!
No more I look in wistful doubt,
As in the man the child appears;
His earnest gaze, his joyful shout,
Have bridged that lapse of twenty years.

GEMS.

WITHOUT frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor.

A SENSIBLE wife looks for her enjoyment at home—a silly one abroad.

THE whole of human virtue may be reduced to speaking the truth always, and doing good to others.

WE should not measure men by Sundays, without looking to what they do all the week after.

YOU may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.

RICH relations are generally distant acquaintances; like the great bear in the gardens, to be looked at and admired, but not approached.

IT is a short step from modesty to humility; but a shorter one from vanity to folly, and from weakness to falsehood.

DON'T live in hope with your arms folded: fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves, and put their shoulder to the wheel.

TO CURB MELANCHOLY.—Set about doing good. One act of kindness will have more influence on the spirits than all the soft-water baths that ever were invented.

A LIFE of duty is the only cheerful life—for all joy springs from the affections; and it is the great law of nature that without good deeds all good affection dies, and the heart becomes utterly desolate.

LENGTH OF REIGNS IN GERMANY.—The longest reign is that of the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, who, including the years of his minority, has held the sceptre 69½ years. The Duke of Anhalt, the next in seniority, has been a sovereign for 49½ years. Four have reigned between 30 and 40, five between 20 and 30, 14 between 10 and 20; all the others, 15 in number, have succeeded to their thrones within the last ten years—one of them, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, in 1866. The average length of reign amounts to 16 years. Fifteen have exceeded this.

SOVEREIGNS AND THEIR SUCCESSORS.—The successors of 24 sovereigns are sons. One, the Emperor of the Brazils, will be succeeded by a daughter; eight (including the Kings of Bavaria, Greece, and Sweden) by brothers; three (including the Sultan) by other relatives; two, the Dukes of Brunswick and Reuss (senior line), are the last of their race. The Pope has an elective successor, and the Emperor of Mexico no successor at all. Of the 37 heirs to thrones, the oldest, a Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, is 68

years and two-thirds. The three youngest, the Crown Princes of Belgium, Portugal, and Waldeck, are respectively 7½, 3½, and 1½ years. The average in this section of royal society is 26 years and two-thirds. Of the heirs (exclusive of the Turkish Crown Prince, whoever that may be), 12 are married; one, the oldest, is a widower; nine have children. Of their consorts, the oldest is Princess Charles of Hesse-Darmstadt (mother of Prince Louis), 51½ years of age; the youngest, the Crown Princess of Russia, just 19.

THE BENEFIT OF BEING KNOCKED ABOUT IN THE WORLD.

IT is a good thing for a young man to be "knocked about in the world," though his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all, certainly nineteen twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplusage of self-conceit. The sooner they are relieved of it the better. If in measuring themselves with wiser and older men than themselves they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable for their own sakes that it be knocked out of them.

A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level. His will may have been paramount at home; but schoolboys are democratic in their ideas, and if arrogant he is sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he have the attributes that belong to a leader he will be installed in the position of a leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his abilities, he will be compelled to fall into the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing to which he can aspire is respectability: but no man can be either truly great or truly respectable who is vain, pompous and overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social position, be the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or worn away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough; but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet, and arrived, though by a rough road, at self-knowledge.

Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world making men of them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THERE are about 150,000 men employed on the railways of Great Britain.

SIR CHARLES MUNNAY, the British Minister at Copenhagen, has received from the Danish Government four letters written by Lord Bacon to King Christian IV. in 1620-21, and has transmitted them to Lord Stanley.

IN the cafés and other houses of entertainment in Paris there are 27,711 billiard-tables, some single houses having as many as thirty tables. The estimated annual receipts from these, taken roughly, are 4,000,000 francs.

MRS. VYSE, who murdered two of her children some years ago, and was acquitted on the ground of insanity, has recently received her Majesty's free pardon, and has returned to her family in a state of perfect health. She has been at the Fisherton House Lunatic Asylum, near Salisbury, since her trial.

FRENCH scientific men predict that the summer of 1897 will be cold and wet like that of 1866, and they base the prediction on the fact that immense masses of ice have broken, or are about to break, away from the extreme north, and will drift to warmer seas, where they will melt, producing cold and vapour. We are very glad to hear this prediction, because the reverse is always to be expected of what the weather oracles assert.

AFRICAN IRON.—Dr. Livingstone says that the African tribes on the Zambesi consider the English iron "rotten." A Birmingham blacksmith chilled a specimen of iron made by these people and found that it was then steel. Dr. Chailin says that the Fann will not use American or English iron in making their knives and arrow-heads, but prefer their own, which has greater tenacity.

WE understand that the Lords of the Admiralty have informed Mr. E. J. Reed, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, that it is their lordships' intention to increase his salary, and to provide for his being placed on the highest grade established in the public service, with reference to his superannuation, whenever his health or length of service may induce him to retire.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
REGINALD'S FORTUNE	361	TWENTY YEARS	389
SCIENCE	364	GEMS	389
A NEW INDUSTRY FOR		LENORS OF REIGNS IN	
NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE	364	GERMANY	389
GUY BROWNE'S	365	THE BENEFIT OF BEING	
RELATIVES	368	LOCKED ABOUT IN THE	
PAIRS OF HEAT IN SUB-		WORLD	389
SECT A HUNDRED AND		MISCELLANEOUS	389
TEN YEARS AGO	369		
MARION	369		
ASPARIA	372	OLIVER DARVEL, com-	
OUT OF THE SHADOW	376	menced in	189
OLIVER DARVEL	380	REGINALD'S FORTUNE, com-	
FACTILE	382	menced in	184
RECENT DEATHS IN ROYAL		MARION, commenced in	193
FAMILIES	382	GUY BROWNE'S com-	
EXCELSIOR	383	menced in	198

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. A. WRIGHT.—Your question is vague in the extreme. ESTHER P.—Consult an almanac for the year you mention.

J. HOPKINSON.—Handwriting very good, indeed, for a boy of fifteen.

C. K. BROWN.—About sixpence each line; but why not write direct to the publisher of the paper you mention?

B. ROBERTSON.—How can we give an opinion as to the merits of your story without perusing it?

W. KNIGHT.—There is a Government emigration agency which would serve your purpose.

SAINT MUNGO.—A youth who is but 5 ft. 2 in. in height at sixteen years of age is not by any means tall for his age.

A. H. CROWE.—Any of the publishers in Bookellers' Row, Strand, will supply you with the work or works you mention.

AMELIA.—Should your mother die without making her will, whatever property she possesses will be equally divided among her daughters.

A. E. J. S.—An illegitimate child may legally assume the name either of father or mother; it is, however, most usual to adopt that of the mother.

MARY, seventeen, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, black hair, blue eyes, clear skin, and considered handsome. Respondent must be good looking, and about the same age.

C. P. and L. S. "C. P." twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, and very domesticated. "L. S." seventeen, and dark eyes and hair. Respondents must be about their own ages.

C. A. twenty-three, dark hair, blue eyes, and very domesticated, wishes to correspond with a respectable young mechanic or tradesman.

DONALD.—Rock, Rockbrook, and Rockcorry, are in Ireland. The other place you name is not in the Post Office list as a post-town.

A TROUBLED VOLUNTEER.—A straw-coloured moustache may be changed by the application of burnt cork; but why not apply to a hairdresser?

PAULINE, seventeen, medium height, auburn hair, violet eyes, and lively temper. Respondent must be dark, tall, good figure, and have a luxuriant moustache and whiskers.

G. H. L.—We think the notice to quit good and legal; but is a matter of so much importance why not immediately consult a respectable solicitor?

GRONOR.—The word naphtha is somewhat carelessly applied to three different substances, such as mineral naphtha, or petroleum, coal-tar naphtha, and wood naphtha.

ALFRED.—The circulation of the blood was discovered in 1629 by Dr. Harvey, by his holding a frog up before the light, thus observing the course of the same fluid passing through its veins.

MARY.—To make an Irish rabbit toast a round of bread, chop up four ounces of cheese, a small piece of butter, one gherkin, a little mustard, pepper, and salt; put it over the toast, and place it in the oven for five minutes.

A CONSTANT READER.—Gibson, who died recently, and of whom you will find a memoir in the last volume of THE LONDON READER; Power, the American, and author of the Greek Slave; Sir Francis Chantrey, and Canova.

JOHN LINE.—I. Persons trained in a Normal College are eligible for appointments in the Civil Service—i.e., providing they can pass the necessary examination. 2. No. 3. We replied to your other question in a recent number.

ALFRED J. thirty, tall, dark hair and eyes, with a small fortune, and would make a true and loving husband, wishes to correspond with a fair young lady about twenty-eight, who would not object to going abroad.

R. H. WATSON.—1. We certainly are not aware that schools under Government inspection are exempt from taxes. 2. The agreement is good to all intents and purposes until it is cancelled by a fresh one.

BLANCHE ELIZA, twenty, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, rather dark, blue eyes, very domesticated, and loving; would like respondent to be tall, dark, good tempered, and with an income sufficient to afford her a comfortable home.

HENRY, twenty-four, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, dark hair, blue eyes, moustache, and with an income of £100 a year under Government. Respondent must be a respectable, good-looking young lady about twenty-three, and with an income of not less than £100.

ANNIE and ELIZA. "Annie," medium height, dark complexion, black hair and eyes, loving, and amiable. "Eliza," 4 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, fair complexion, gray eyes, and a kind and loving heart. Respondents must be tall, and about twenty; if dark preferred.

THEOLOGICAL.—Mission or missionary is derived from the Latin word *missio* or *mitto*, I send. In a theological sense it denotes the efforts made by religious professors to propagate their doctrines in foreign countries. In the traditions of many barbarous nations there is some floating recollection of a change having been effected in their religious

opinions and worship at the suggestion of teachers from some other clime. The advance of the Brahmins over India, and the progress of the Buddhists in disseminating a foreign creed as far as Japan and Central Asia, are evidences of a missionary spirit. Missionary labour is, however, more closely connected with Christianity; Judaism, unlike other forms of worship, has never striven to make converts.

J. C. W. P.—1. There is a legend to the effect that a child born at sea belongs to the parish of Steppney. 2. We cannot give you the name of the author of the tale you name; when authors desire to write anonymously it would scarcely be courteous on our part to divulge their names.

KATHERINE HAMILTON.—1. We cannot give you a recipe to change the brownness of your neck. Why desire to interfere with nature? surely a brunette may be as handsome as a blonde? 2. You cannot remove moles. (Handwriting good, and ladylike.)

LETTERS, between nineteen and twenty, 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair, blue eyes, clear complexion, and fond of home. Respondent must be a dark, handsome gentleman of good position, young, and able to make a comfortable home. (Handwriting requires improvement.)

HANNAH.—To make a ginger pudding you must take 1 lb. of flour, 1 lb. of suet, a little milk sugar, and two large teaspoonfuls of grated ginger; shred the suet very fine, mix it with the other ingredients, butter, a basin, tie a cloth over, and boil for three hours.

DAVID JONES.—How can we answer so vague and wide a question? The examinations of candidates for the Civil Service vary materially according to the different departments or branches. (Your handwriting is too large and school-boyish and certainly would not do for the "Civil Service.")

IN THE SHADOW.

Long ago, when birds were singing
All day long a happy song;
When in golden waves was falling
The light the clover tops among,

In the shadow of the maples
Long I waited, listening there
For the step of Mary coming,
Dear, and, as the lily, fair.

Long I waited, till the shadows
Grew apace and dimmed the sunlight—
Crept their darkness in my sad heart,
Shutting out all love's sweet light.

Never came the dear, dear footsteps,
Nor any sound but song of birds;
Nor kiss from any lips but sophists,
Nor any loving word I heard.

Still I'm waiting in the shadow,
All alone in my heart's sadness;
Waiting for the dawning light
Of the land where all is gladness.

E. F.

POLLY.—The English alphabet has nominally twenty-six letters, but "Polly" should remember that I J and U V being the same, there are only literally twenty-four.

MARY C. and ANNIE R. wish to correspond with two gentlemen. "Mary C." thirty, 5 ft. 1 in. in height, black hair, and hazel eyes. "Annie R." medium height, dark brown hair, and light eyes; has no money—nothing to offer but a kind and loving heart.

A STUDENT.—Hobbe, the heathen goddess of youth, is in mythology said to have been created by Juno upbearer of all the gods, but from this office was dismissed by Jupiter for misbehaving herself; she was succeeded in her office of cupbearer by Ganymede.

LELA, ROSE, and MADELINE. "Lela," twenty-two, tall, good looking, and thoroughly domesticated; "Rose," twenty-three, considered rather pretty, and thoroughly domesticated; and "Madeline," twenty-two, possessing a loving disposition, and domesticated, wish to correspond with three young gentlemen.

SARACON.—A volunteer officer, as a volunteer officer, cannot claim the right of presentation at court. The Queen, however, occasionally appoints a day for their special reception. Many volunteer officers are presented at court, but it is only in the right of their social standing. The question was settled long since by the War Minister.

NIGHTINGALE.—1. Soft curl-paper will not cut the hair. 2. Use good, pure sweet-oil. 3. We answer correspondents with all speed; as, however, we have so frequently stated in these columns, it is not possible for a reply to appear in less than three weeks. 4. Be yourself the first to hold forth the hand of peace and friendship. (Handwriting too large to be ladylike.)

LEANDER.—The mocking-bird is a native of America and the West Indies, and is remarkable for its vocal powers and faculty for imitating other birds, as well as different sounds which it hears; its voice is full and musical, and capable of any modulation from the clear tones of the wood-thrush to that of the scream of the eagle. It lives on berries and fruits, and builds its nest in the immediate vicinity of man.

W. CHASE.—The great use and advantage of wit is to render the owner of it agreeable; by making him instrumental to the happiness of others; but he who affects to be always witty sometimes renders himself ridiculous. Wit in the hands of an artist like sweet music, commanding, soothing, and modulating passion into harmony and peace; but this is not its only use, it is also a sharp sword to be used against ignorance and folly.

JOHN THOMAS.—Cardinal Wolsey, the celebrated, ambitious, and unfortunate Prime Minister of Henry VIII, is said to have been the son of a butcher. He was educated at Oxford. His rise dated from the time he was appointed tutor to the son of the Marquis of Dorset, by whom he was introduced to a Sir John Nefant, Treasurer of Calais (which at that period belonged to England). The knight introduced him to the King, who made him his chief minister. The Cardinal founded Christ's Church College, Oxford, built Hampton Court Palace, and died in the year 1530.

T. G. COLELAND.—You are perfectly justified in your remarks respecting intemperance, whether in eating or drinking; of the two evils excess in the latter should be most avoided, although both are hurtful; but excess in drinking maddens the drinker, and renders him or her who indulges in it more like a fiend than a human being; thousands of deaths prematurely have ensued from its practice, and many

by its influence have hurried themselves by their own hands into the presence of their Creator unrepentant. Many kind and good husbands have become brutal ones from its practice; and unfortunately this evil is not confined to one sex.

JANE.—Eggs, convent fashion, should be done like this:—Boil four eggs for ten minutes, put them in cold water, peel and skin thin one onion, put into a frying-pan about one ounce of butter; when melted add the onion, a teaspoonful of flour, half a pint of milk; a little salt and pepper; then add the eggs, cut into six pieces each, crossways; serve on toast.

A NATURALIST.—Yes, in an extended signification, natural history is that science which investigates the peculiarities of all bodies that we can see, but the term is generally restricted to the external description of objects of nature, whether vegetable, animal, or mineral; it is consequently divided into three headings: first, geology and mineralogy; second, botany; and third, zoology.

JOSEPH.—A Carthusian dish may be made from a mixture of meat and vegetables. The origin of the name is taken from those well-known monks who vowed to partake of no animal food, similar to our vegetarians; but sometimes they were compelled to break that vow, and, as it could not be done openly, their meat was covered with vegetables, thus they cheated their consciences.

CLARISSA.—To make a Swiss pudding boil four or five apples very tender, butter the dish, place in it a layer of bread-crumbs, then to the apples add a little butter, nutmeg, and sugar; place those on the bread-crumbs, then another layer of crumbs, with pieces of butter on the top, bake in a slow oven for a quarter of an hour; it may be eaten hot or cold.

WILLIAM.—Metallurgy is the art of extracting metals from their ores and adapting them to various processes of manufacture. The miner first extracts the ores from the earth, and, by mechanical processes of dressing, frees them from foreign matter more or less completely, so as to render them fit for treatment by the metallurgist. The best books on metallurgy are "Ferry's Metallurgy," "Karnock's System," and "Le Play's Traité de Métallurgie."

E. DANVERS.—The 14th of February, or "lover's day," as it will ever be called, is of doubtful origin, but of unquestionably ancient date. St. Valentine was a bishop of the Roman Church, and suffered martyrdom under Claudius II. at Rome, A.D. 271. He was especially distinguished for his love and charity; it is therefore supposed that the custom of choosing friends and lovers had its origin from a kindly remembrance of this good bishop.

A FOREIGNER.—1. Cardinal Richelieu, who has been so frequently utilized by novelists and dramatists—to wit, Lord Lytton and James—was one of the greatest of French Prime Ministers. He it was, in conjunction with his sovereign, who initiated the European policy of the balance of power; so great was his power, and firm his will, that his name was for a time the terror of Europe. 2. At present neither your handwriting nor orthography is fit for a merchant's office; by perseverance, however, they would soon become so.

CADRE.—1. Your friend misinformed you, for, literally neither by love nor money could a youth become a lieutenant in the Royal Navy. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh even had to pass through the several gradations, and examinations before reaching his present rank of captain. To become a naval cadet you must obtain the nomination of one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and then you must pass an examination in navigation and the ordinary branches of a liberal education before you can be appointed to a ship. 2. A lieutenant in the Royal Navy cannot in these "piping times of peace" live upon his pay in any degree of comfort.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

P. P. P. is responded to by—"Meta," who hopes he will send his cards, nineteen, tall, stylish, good looking, well educated, and sings nicely.

T. G. by—"Kate," who would like to hear farther from him; cards to be exchanged.

A. R. T. by—"Edith Moore," twenty, petite figure, dark hair, gray eyes, fair skin, very fascinating, of an amiable disposition, and passionately fond of music.

ROBIN HOOD by—"Beatrice Moore," twenty-two, medium height, light hair, dark brown eyes, fresh complexion, and with prepossessing manners.

ANDREW by—"Laura," who thinks as he is about her own age she would prefer him to—"S. G. T.," as he is so young.

E. R. by—"Annie S. M.," small, fair, pretty (so her parents say), good tempered, and educated, but not accomplished; would make "E. R." a good wife—"Nelly," 5 ft. 3 in., hazel eyes, fair, chestnut brown hair, very amiable, has received a refined education, though not by any means a "blue stocking," domesticated, and would prove a loving and devoted wife; and—"Minnie Saunders."

LILY DALE by—"Scapgrace," who is everything she seems to require, 5 ft. 11 in., very steady, fair, and of gentlemanly appearance.

ELEANOR by—"W. W.," who thinks she would suit him, and would be happy to hear from her; would like to exchange cards.

ELIZA by—"An Old Subscriber," who would be most happy to correspond with her. He is in pretty good circumstances.

ANNIE by—"M. Duke," a French gentleman of good family, twenty-six, fair, a Roman Catholic, 500*l.* a year, and would be glad to exchange cards.

BEATRICE by—"J. W. J.," seventeen, 5 ft. 5 in., fair, light hair, expects a fortune, is in a good situation, good tempered, and temperate.

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